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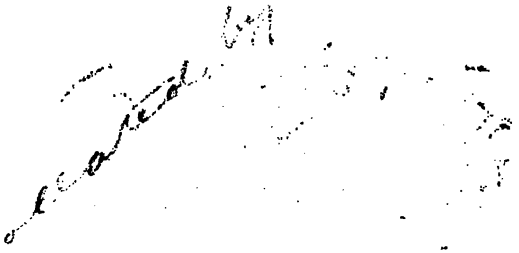
EFFIGIES FRAN: QUARLES.

Johnson fc: John Street Bristol.

EMBLEMS
Divine AND Moral
together with
HIEROGLYPHICS
of the
Life of Man
written by
FRANCIS QUARLES.

Hæc laus, hic apex Sapientiæ est; ea viventem appetere, quæ moriente forent appetenda

Bristol.
Printed by Joseph Lansdown & John Mills.
1808.



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THE EDITOR's

PREFACE.

MR. FRANCIS QUARLES' Emblems first printed about the Year 1630, have been long esteemed, and much admired by the sober, virtuous and pious in every Denomination. There is not a single circumstance in human Life to which some Part of them does not allude; the Explanations of the Figures are in easy agreeable Verse; to each of them is added a striking Quotation from one of the Fathers of the Church, and the Whole is briefly summed up in a general Inference.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART is also an excellent Performance; for it unfolds all the Springs of Action in the human Mind, and points out what are the Principles upon which the Generality of Mankind act; a Subject that can never be too much attended to.

This excellent Work has been long out of Print, which occasioned its being sold at an exorbitant Price; to the great loss of many worthy Persons who would have been glad to purchase it. With respect to the present Edition, it exceeds all that ever went before; the Cuts are engraved at a vast expence, all the Latin Mottos are translated, so that it will be found one of the most agreeable Works that can be offered to the Public; especially to the rising Generation. Here they will meet with no distracting Controversy; no doubts concerning Religion; but Entertainment and Improvement go hand in hand together.

IT is hoped that this Edition will meet with that reception which the merit and utility of such an original

work demands: and which is not only calculated to convey the most important lessons of instruction into youthful minds, but to convey them in the most pleasant and entertaining manner; by *hieroglyphics*, or figurative signs and symbols of divine, sacred, and supernatural things: by which mode of communicating knowledge, the fancy is charmed, the invention is exercised, the mind informed, and the heart improved.

The peculiar excellency of this Piece (a fair and elegant copy of which is now printed) is, that it contains a sort of wisdom in which young and old, learned and unlearned, are equally concerned; and without which, the greatest philosopher is an arrant fool. For, however highly we may esteem human arts and sciences in their proper place, it will ever be true, that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Various and elaborate means are pursued, in order to furnish the minds of our youth with *fabulous* knowledge, and to fill them with the frivolous tales of *heathenish* science; the very perfection of which deserves but little, if any praise. And it is, no doubt, a sad proof of universal degeneracy, that the *Metamorphoses* of an *Ovid* are preferred, in our schools, to the sacred *Realities* of *Moses* and the *Prophets*: and that a young person is taught to be as much affected with the recital of the dismal fate of *Phaëton*'s sisters, as by that of *Isaac*, or of a greater than *Isaac*, when offersd up a sacrifice to the God of Heaven.

Let us, however, hope for better times and better things: when every human science shall be made subservient to divine; when the invaluable knowledge of the *sacrd writings* shall have its due place and due honour; and when QUARLES' EMBLEMS shall, at least be preferred to the comparative nonsense of the Pantheon and Ovid's Epistles. THE EDITOR.

Recom-

Recommendations of the Work.

SIR,

AS you have requested my opinion, relative to the expediency of re-publishing *Quarles's Emblems*, and the *School of the Heart*; it is incumbent on me, to acquaint you, that, as an humble individual, I most sincerely vote for a new and correct edition of those excellent books.—The *former* was of much spiritual use to me, at an early period of life: and I still consider it, as a very ingenious and valuable treasury of christian experience.—The *latter* I have, lately, perused: and am strongly persuaded, that the re-printing it may answer many advantageous purposes to the church of CHRIST.

Be particular careful, to give neat and beautiful impressions of the numerous and expressive cuts, which illustrate each respective article. I would advise you, to keep, strictly to the *designs* of the original plates; and not to vary from them, in a single instance: but the *execution* of them, as they stand in the old editions, calls for improvement.——In emblematic works, much depends on the elegancy of the engravings, which, if well-finished, speak an ocular language, singularly emphatic, and universally intelligible. The *eye*, very frequently informs the understanding, and affects the heart; when the most labored efforts of vocal rhetoric, fail.

Signifies

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

With an earnest desire and hope, that your intended undertaking will be owned and blest of GOD, to the establishment of his people in knowledge, and to their growth in holiness and comfort; I remain,

SIR,

Your sincere well-wisher,

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

New-street, Jan. 3,
1777.

To the serious part of the Christian World.

IT is matter of pleasing surprize to find that such books as *Quarles's Emblems*, and the *School of the Heart*, should be so much called for as to incline any Printer to venture on a new edition; I really imagined that the rage for romances, novels and plays, had intirely extinguished all taste for such productions as these now presented to the public.

Quarles

Quarles was a man of spiritual wit and imagination, in the reign of King Charles I. a time when poetic genius in *the* religious world had not been cultivated; Spencer *and* Shakespeare were then the only men that deserved the name of poets, and these were far enough from the knowledge and taste of the people called Puritans; so that I think Quarles may be stiled the *first*, as Herbert was the *second* divine poet of the English nation.

In the productions of this excellent man, there is nothing to please the taste of modern critics; his uncommon turns of thought, the quaintness of his poetic style; but, above all, the depth of evangelic favour, the ardent piety, and the rich experience of the heart, can be relished by none but those who, in the highest sense of the word, deserve the name of true christians; to such as these, the following work will be acceptable and delightful; and by them, and the serious part of their families, it will not be deemed impertinent in me to recommend this work to their attention.

Northampton, Jan. 8, 1777. JOHN RYLAND.

SIR,

FRANCIS QUARLES's *Emblems* and the *School of the Heart*, are works which have been so generally known and well received, for more than a century past,

that

BY fathers back'd, by holy writ led on,
Thou shew'st a way to heav'n by HELICON:
The Muses' font is consecrate by thee,
And Poesy baptiz'd Divinity.
Blest soul, that here embark'st: thou sail'st apace,
'Tis hard to say, mov'd more by wit or grace,
Each muse so plies her oar: but O the sail
Is fill'd from heav'n with a diviner gale:
When poets prove divines, why should not I
Approve in verse this divine poetry?
Let this suffice to licence thee the press:
I must no more, nor could the truth say less.

Sic approbavit RIC. LOVE, *Procan.* Cant.

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradisus* habet Lectori benè *male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hôc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure potest *Violas* dicere, jure *Rosas*:
Non é *Parnasso VIOLAM*, *Festivè ROSETO*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ sit amœna, *ROSAM*.
Quot *Versus VIOLAS legis*; & *quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille ROSAS*.
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *VIOLAS* suavissima; *Tute*
Ipse facis *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, si *violas*.
Nam velut é *VIOLIS* sibi fugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis at in succos *Hasque ROSASque* tuos.
Quas *violas Musas*, *VIOLAS* puto, quasque recusas
Dente tuo *rosas*, has, reor, esse *ROSAS*.
Sic *rosas*, facis esse *ROSAS*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facies has *VIOLAS*, *Livide*, dum *violas*.

Brent Hall, EDW. BENLOWES.
1634.

Reader, this Book shall teach the pious Heart
To soar from Earth, and better Views impart;
Flaming with Zeal to rise to Heav'n above,
And make the Tri-une God the Object of its Love.

FIRST BOOK.

THE INVOCATION.

ROUSE thee, my soul, and drain thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: screw up the heighten'd pegs
Of thy sublime theorbo four notes higher,
And higher yet, that so the shrill-mouth'd choir
Of swift-wing'd seraphims may come and join,
And make thy concert more than half divine.
Invoke no muse; let Heav'n be thine Apollo;
And let his sacred influences hallow
Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire
Thy ravish'd brains with more heroic fire:
Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing,
And, like the morning lark, mount up and sing:
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
A thin blue landscape: let thy pinions soar
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than pismires, crawling on this mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their frantic mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace; let reason curb
Thy hot-mouth'd passion; and let heav'n's fire season
The fresh conceits of thy corrected reason.
Disdain to warm thee at lust's smoaky fires,
Scorn, scorn to feed on they old boat desires:
Come, come, my soul, hoise up thy higher sails,
The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like snails,
That glide their ways with their own native slimes?
No, we must fly like eagles; and our rhymes
Must mount to heav'n, and reach th' Olympic ear;
Our heav'n-blown fire must seek no other sphere,

Thou great Theanthropos, that giv'st and ground'st
Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghill crown'st
Reflecting honour, taking, by retail,
What thou hast giv'n in gross, from lapsed, frail,
And sinful man: that drink'st full draughts, wherein
Thy children's leprous fingers, scurf'd with sin,
Have paddled; cleanse, O cleanse my crafty soul,
From secret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O teach me stoutly to deny
Myself, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts,
Refine my dross; O wink at human faults;
And, through the slender current of my quill,
Convey thy current, whose clear streams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise:
Crown me with glory, take who list, the bays.

1.

James i. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed.

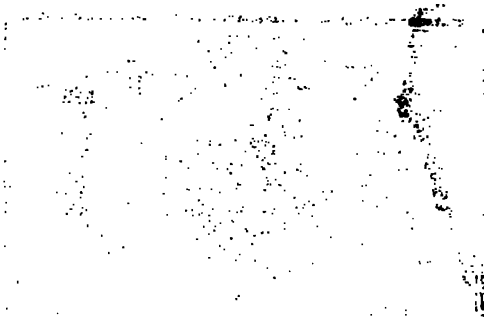
Serpent. Eve.

Serp. NOT eat? not taste? not touch? not cast an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair tree? And why?
Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd good?
Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Blessings unus'd, pervert into a waste,
As well as surfeits; woman, do but taste:
See how the laden boughs make silent suit
To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half way: observe but how they crouch
To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch:

Mark

Totus Mundus in Malign̄o (Maliligno) positus est.

Thus all the Ills that Man sustains on Earth.
From this bad Tree first drew their fatal Birth.



Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd
Their swelling cheeks; and how for shame they hide
Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: Woman, do but cast an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not:
Come, pull and eat: y' abuse the thing ye use not.
Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did
Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid;
The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are
As pleasing to the taste; to th' eye as fair:
But touching this, his strict commands are such,
'Tis death to taste, no less than death to touch.
Serp. Pish; death's a fable: did not Heav'n inspire
Your equal elements with living fire,
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made you. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim
Whate'er he made (from the blue spangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bless'd he not both the feeder and the food?
Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue
From such blest food, to such half gods as you?
Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuse your freedom: woman, take and eat.
Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and, till rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Presumptuous disobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this fruit's a portal
To let in death, and make immortal mortal.
Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taste, and fear not.
Eve. Shall *Eve* transgress? I dare not, O I dare not.
Serp. Afraid? Why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on such as fear a harm.

Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree?
'Twill make you perfect gods as well as He,
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.
Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good
To do, as to desire. Fruit's made for food:
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too
To know the secrets of this dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS. sup. Matth.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only said, Cast thyself down; *that we may know, that whosoever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down: for the devil may suggest, compel he cannot.*

S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to suggest; ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God: who opposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. I.

Unlucky parliament! wherein, at last,
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher powers;
O had it had but such success as ours!

Sic Malum cecidit unicum in omne Malum.

Thus Sin conceiv'd, her Race still multiplies,
From One foul deed what num'rous ills arise!

II.

James i. 15.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

1.

LAMENT, lament, look, look, what thou hast done:
Lament the world's, lament thine own estate:
Look, look, by doing, how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of state:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, see too soon, what thou lament'st too late.
O thou that wert so many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one! how has thy desp'rate fall
Destroy'd thy unborn seed, destroy'd thyself withal!

2.

Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made
Equal to angels that excel in pow'r,
What hast thou done? O why hast thou obey'd
Thy own destruction? Like a new-cropt flow'r,
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blasted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd, that had'st the pow'r to quell
The spite of new-fall'n angels, baffle hell,
And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that fell!

3.

See how the world (whose chaste and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)
Is now degenerated, and become
A base adultress, whose false births do fill
The earth with monsters, monsters that do roam
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:

Now

Now glutt'ny paunches; lust begins to spawn;
Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn;
Pale envy pines, pride swells, and sloth begins to yawn.

4.

The air that whisper'd, now begins to roar;
And blust'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide;
The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore,
And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And rules her ruler with resistless pride:
Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made
To be subdu'd, see how they now invade;
They rule whom once they serv'd, command where once obey'd.

5.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder;
Behold, those trees, whose various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under;
Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobey'd),
That late was music, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! are not thy joints grown sore with shaking
To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking,
That in one hour didst mar what Heav'n six days was making?

S. AUGUST. lib. i. de Lib. Arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom which man could not use, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right: and that he who would not do righteously when he had the power, should lose the power to do it when he had the will.

Hugo

Dum Cœlum aſpicio Solum deſpicio.

While to high Heav'n our fervent Thoughts arise,
The Soul all Earthly Treasures can deſpise.

Hugo de Anima.

They are justly punished, that abuse lawful things; but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things; thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his paradise.

EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast
Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast!
A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepost'rous man first sow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.

Prov. xiv. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

1.

ALAS! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps?
Thou may'st as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petti-petti-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

3.

Why dost thou make
These murm'ring troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

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Hugo de Anima.

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PROV. xiv. 13.

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3.

Why dost thou make
nese murm'ring troops forsake
safe protection of their waxen homes?
[illegible] hive contains
that's worth thy pains:
ing here, alas! but empty [illegible]

4.

For trash and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,
What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood!
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real ills,
Men swallow down, to purchase one false good!

5.

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;
The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

6.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy soul no more
In seeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only present pains
To gather scorpions for a future wound.

7.

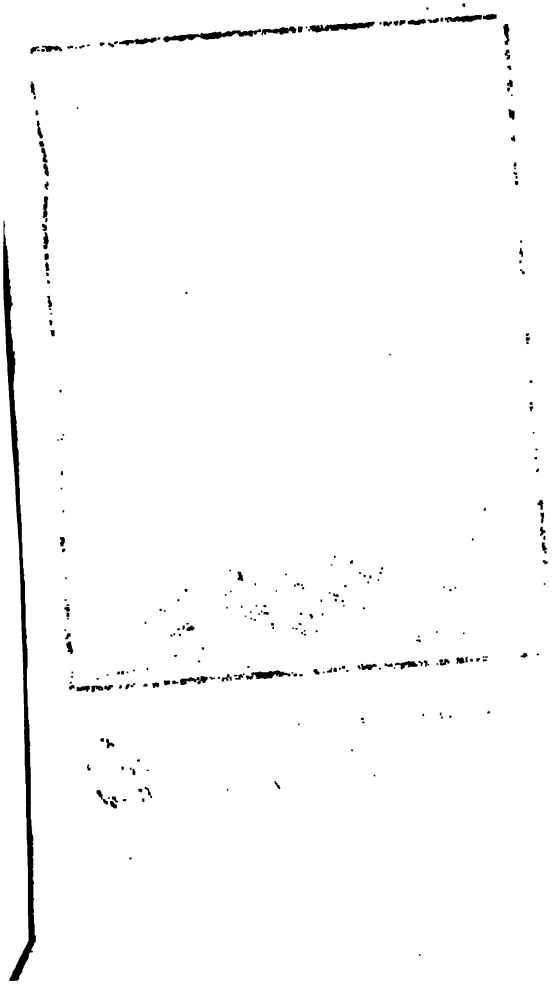
What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil,*
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure?

S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: it is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

* *Droil*, i. e. drudge.

HUGO.



B. 1. *Emb 4.*

Quis levior ? cui plus ponderi addit Amor.
Which is the lightest in the Scale of Fate ?
That where fond Cupid still is adding Weight.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

EPIG. 3.

What, Cupid, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey to set up thy trade,
True emblem of thy sweets! Thy bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a sting.

IV.

Psalm lxii. 29.

To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1.

PUT in another weight: 'tis yet too light:
And yet, fond Cupid, put another in;
And yet another: still there's under-weight
Put in another hundred: put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance low'r.

2.

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great Mammon's endless inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cæsar:
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory:
Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown:
Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

3.

Lord! what a world is this, which day and night
Men seek with so much toil, with so much trouble?
Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light,
So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble!

Good

Good God! that frantic mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

4.

Thou bold impostor, how hast thou befool'd
The tribe of man with counterfeit desire!
How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
Heaven's freeborn flame, and kindled bastard fire!
How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,
And cheated men with thy false weights and measure
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleasure!

5

The world's a crafty strumpet, most affecting
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her:
If thou be free, she's strange; if strange, she's free
Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll flee:
Than she there's none more coy, there's none more fon than she.

6.

O what a crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treach'ries, and insnaring wiles!
She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,
And lodges death in her destructive smiles;
She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
The very'st tyrant where she vows to love;
And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.

7.

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
To make an object of so easy gains;
Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroic pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne'er was born to try
Her frowns or smiles: or, being born, did lie
In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die!

S. AL

B.1. *Emb. 5.*

Johnson Sc.

His vertitur Orbis.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world, but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory, perish with herself, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

EPIG. 4.

My soul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

V.

1 Cor. vii. 13.

The fashion of this world passeth away.

GONE are those golden days, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin:
When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
Was unusurp'd by his beardless son:
When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuse
Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce:
When just Astræa pois'd her scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:
When froth-born Venus and her brat
With all that spurious brood young Jove begat,
In horrid shapes were yet unknown:
Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no client then to wait
The leisure of his long-tail'd advocate;

The talion law was in request,
And chanc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry breast:
Abused statutes had no tenters,
And men could deal secure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittal's* eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no lustful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:
The rosy cheeks did then proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:
There was no whining soul to start
At Cupid's twang, or curse his flaming dart;
The boy had then but callow wings,
And fell Erinnys' scorpions had no stings:
The better-acted world did move
Upon the fix'd poles of truth and love.
Love essenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then;
Till lust and rage began to enter,
Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;
Until the wanton days of Jove,
The simple world was all compos'd of love;
But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust;
Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with lust:
And cucquean† Juno's fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world:
Astræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boil'd with lust, with rage it burn'd,
And ever since the world hath been
Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen.

* *Wittal*, i. e. a cuckold.

† *Cucquean*, i. e. whorish.

S. AM-

B.I. *Emb. 6.*

In Cruce tuta quies

S. AMBROSE.

Lust is a sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a false gallop.

HUGO.

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity; in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them; through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ.

EPIG. 5.

What, Cupid, must the world be lash'd so soon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wag that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

VI.

ECCLES. ii. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

1.

HOW is the anxious soul of man befool'd
In his desire,
That thinks an hectic fever may be cool'd
In flames of fire?
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold
From nasty mire?
A whining lover may as well request
A scornful breast
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for rest.

Let

2.

Let wit and all her study'd plots effect
The best they can;
Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect
What wit began;
Let earth advise with both, and so project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best;
He may be blest
With all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

3.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double;
The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land
Bring but a trouble;
The world itself, and all the world's command,
Is but a bubble.
The strong desires of man's insatiate breast
May stand possest
Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no rest.

4.

The world's a seeming par'dise, but her own
And man's tormenter;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone
Without a tenter;
It is a vast circumference, where none
Can find a center.
Of more than earth can earth make none possest;
And he that least
Regards this restless world, shall in this world find rest.

True

True rests consists not in the oft revying*
Of worldly dross;
Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loss;
Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her cross.
How worldlings droil † for trouble! That fond breast
That is possest
Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

CASS. in Ps.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humble: the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbelievers, the life of the just.

DAMASCEN.

The cross of Christ is the key of paradise; the weak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and body's health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimpering folly holds the losses
Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses,
Look here, and tell me what your arms engross:
When the best end of what he hug's a cross.

* *Revying*, a term used at cards.

† *Droil*, i. e. drudge, or labour.

VII.

1 Pet. v. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.

1.

WHY dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep
(Dull Cyprian lad!) into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' shrine? Is this a time to steep
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? up, and rouse
Thy leaden spirit: Is this a time to sleep?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise,
Had'st thou as many heads as thou hast wounded eyes.

2.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring slumbers! If thy drowsy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of sulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wise: let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wise too late:
Beware betimes; and let thy reason sever
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now or never;
For if thou nod'st, thou fall'st; and, falling, fall'st for ever.

3.

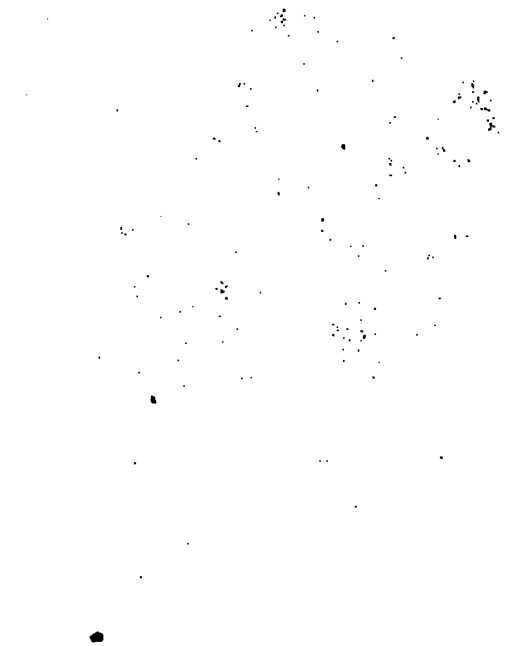
Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare.
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy slumb'ring heart:
The wound is posting; O be wise, beware.
What, has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care?

Wel

B. I. Emb. 7.

Latet Hostis et Otia ducis

The Foe lies close in wait, and canst thou keep
Thy Station here, and thus securely sleep?



, deep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes;
now, withal, sweet tastes have sour closes;
epents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4.

gard, wake, and gull thy soul no more
arth's false pleasure, and the world's delight,
: fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,
in taste, false as the putrid core:
aring glass is gems at her half light.
s thee seeming rich, but truly poor:
sts a kernel, and bestows a shell;
s an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
s protest a heav'n; her works produce an hell.

5.

he fountain of whose better part
i'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:
ily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
pollution of a lustful heart,
el'st no passion, but in wanton fire,
'st no torment but in Cupid's dart;
thy type: thou sit'st upon this ball
h, secure; while death, that flings at all,
m'd to strike thee down, where flames attend
[thy fall.

S. BERN.

y is no-where: neither in heaven, nor in para-
s less in the world: in heaven the angels fell
livine presence; in Paradise, Adam *fell from*
of pleasure; in the world, Judas *fell from the*
ur Saviour.

HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as tho' I had passed the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my soul; redeem thy slavish eyes
From drowsy bondage: O beware; be wise:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight, or fly.
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

VIII.

Luke vi. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.

THE world's a popular disease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantic brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th' unequal poising
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boiling liver;
Rends hair by handfulls, cursing Cupid's quiver:
Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,
Vows deep revenge: one doats; the other loathes:
One frisks and sings, and cries, A flaggon more.
To drench dry cares, and make the welkin * roar:
Another droops: the sun-shine makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please: one's mope'd; the other's mad:

* *Welkin*, an old word for sky.

One

B.I. Emb. 8.

Johnson fc

Et risu necat.

'Tis thus the World her Votaries beguiles
With fair appearances; and kills with Smiles.

One hugs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not, for whom; nor t'other, why.
One spends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another sleeps and slugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
Wonder of wonders! what we ought t' evite,*
And our disease, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger,
When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old disease;
But when a noisom grief begins to please,
The unresisting sense, it is a fear
That death has parly'd, and compounded there.
As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand
Pours forth a vial on th' infected land,
At first th' affrighted mortals quake and fear;
And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent soul-departing bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine day's wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer, nor his thunder.
So when the world (a worse disease!) began
To smart for sin, poor new-created man
Could seek for shelter, and his gen'rous son
Knew by his wages what his hands had done.
But bold-fac'd mortals in our blushless times
Can sing and smile, and make a sport of crimes,
Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease:
We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease,
And (as the careless pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath
In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.

* *Evite*, i. e. to shun or avoid.

HUGO.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mir the world's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, no descent, and great desires? Where is their laughte where is their mirth? where their insolence? their ar gance? From how much joy, to how much sadness! Af how much mirth, how much misery! From how gr glory are they fallen, to how great torment! What ha fallen to them, may befal thee, because thou art a ma thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt retu to earth. Death expecteth thee every where; be wi therefore, and expect death every where.

EPIG. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a mere disease?
Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.

1 John ii. 17.

The world passeth away, and all the lusts thereof.

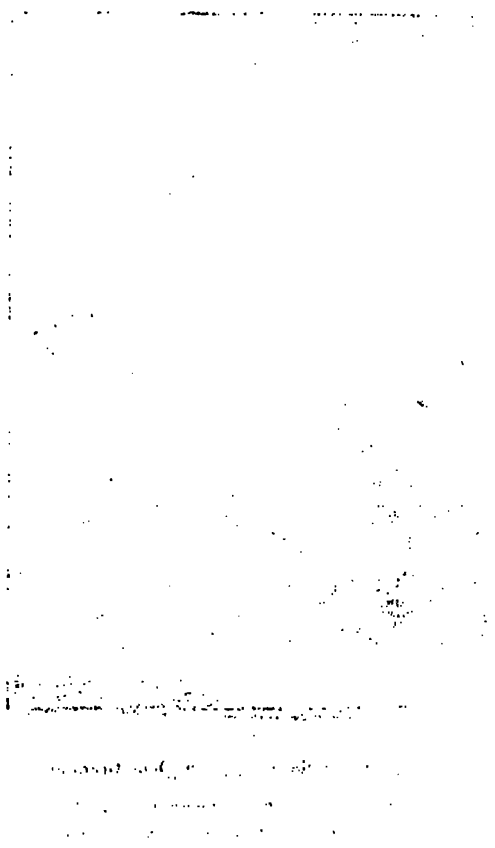
1. [lig

DRAW near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn
Your hallow'd tapers but at honour's flame;
You, whose heroic actions take delight
To varnish over a new painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold, how tott'ring are your high-built stories
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of yo
[glori

A

Fruſtra quis ſtabilem ſigat in Orbe Gradum

This changing World no laſting Joys can give,
The ſlippry Ground your Footſteps will deceive.



2.

And you, more brain-sick lovers, that can prize
A wanton smile before eternal joys;
That know no heaven but in your mistress' eyes;
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoys:
That can, like crown distemper'd fools, despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toys:
Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth itself's unstable?

3.

Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches where ye come:
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mother's womb:
Come, bring your saint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,
And summon all your griping angels home;
Behold your world, the bank of all your store,
The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4.

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire
Before the race; before the start, retreat;
A faithless world, whose false delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

5.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust:
He that was lately drench'd in Danaë's show'r,
Is master now of neither good nor trust;

Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r,
His glory now lies bury'd in the dust;
O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry [minute!

6.

Nor length of days, nor solid strength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to rest secure:
The world is various, and the earth is vain,
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing sure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave [her.

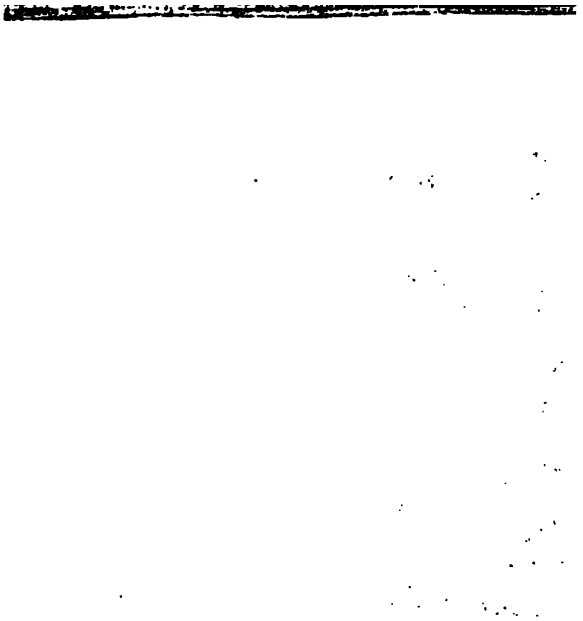
S. GREG. in Hom.

Behold, the world is withered in itself, yet flourisheth in our hearts; every where death, every where grief, every where desolation: on every side, we are smitten; on every side, filled with bitterness; and yet, with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness: it flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we stick to it: and because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious time but spurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune sees, and Lynx-ey'd Time is blind,
I'll trust thy joys, O world; till then, the wind.

Jonst



B. I. *Emb.* 10

Utriusque Crepundia Merces

The Sum of all that thus their Strength employ
On either side, are Follys glitt'ring Toys.

X.

JOHN viii. 44.

ye of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do.

[black:

HERE'S your right ground: wag gently o'er this
'Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.
Ah, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one
On this bowl's side; blow, wind; 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worse that comes; come bowl away;
Mammon, you know the ground; untutor'd, play:
Your last was gone; a yard of strength, well spar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, readers; to consume that day,
Which, without pastime, flies too swift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreath, and screw
Such antic shapes as Proteus never knew:
One raps an oath, another deals a curse;
He never better bowl'd; this never worse:
One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs:
The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, sometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black Santo's to the blushing skies:
Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,
They make bad premises, and worse conclusion:
But where's a palm that Fortune's hand allows
To bless the victor's honourable brows?
Come, reader, come, I'll light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:
Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune stands
To wave the game; see in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open show,
To chear the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's bro

B. I. *Emb. II.*

Mundus in Exitium ruit

XI.

Ephes. ii. 2.

walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the air.

1.

Whither will this mad brain-world, at last,
Be driv'n ? Where will her restless wheels arrive ?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast ?
O whither means her furious groom to drive ?
What, will her rambling fits be never past ?
For ever ranging ? Never once retrieve ?
Will earth's perpetual progress ne'er expire ?
Her team continuing in their fresh career :
And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

2.

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit flame,
And brasen lungs belch forth quotidian fire ;
Their twelve hours task perform'd, grow stiff and lam
And their immortal spirits faint and tire :
At th'azure mountain's foot their labours claim
The privilege of rest, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep
Their flaming nostrils in the western deep,
And 'fresh their tir'd souls with strength restoring sl

3.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of rest, but travel with delight ;
Who, never weighing way nor weather, trot
Thro' dust and dirt, and droil both night and da
Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free
Are fed with dropsies and veneral blains :
No need to use the whip ; but strength to rule tl

4.

Poor captive world! how has thy lightness giv'n
A just occasion to thy foes' illusion!
O, how art thou betray'd; thus fairly driv'n,
In seeming triumph, to thy own confusion!
How is the empty universe bereav'n
Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion!
So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
With sugar'd word so full, that she is led
A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed.

5.

Pull, gracious Lord! Let not thine arm forsake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take
Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.
Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack
The swift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:
Let not that dust-devouring dragon boast,
His craft has won what Judah's Lion lost?
Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR, Lib. i. de Summo Bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more fiercely he troubleth it with persecution; that, knowing himself to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life; there are inticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive; smileth, that he may endamage: allureth, that he may destroy.

EPIG. 11.

Nay, soft and fair good world; post not too fast;
Thy journey's end requires not half this haste.
Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives * thee,
Alas, thou needs must go; the devil drives thee.

* *Reprives*, i. e. curbs, restrains; from the French, *reprimer*.

B. I. *Emb.* 12.

Inopem me copia fecit.

XII.

Isaiah lxvi. 11.

That suck, but not be satisfied with the breast of her consolation.

1.

WHAT, never fill'd; Be thy lips screw'd so fast
To th'earth's full breast? for shame, for shame [unseize thee;
Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou should'st but taste,
And mak'st too much not half enough to please thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou swallowest at one breath
Both food and poison down; thou draw'st both milk [and death.

2.

The ub'rous breasts, when fairly drawn, repast
The thriving infant with her milky flood;
But, being overstrain'd, return at last
Unwholesome gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate use doth both repast and please:
Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps dis- [ease.

3.

But, O that mean, whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juice?
There's nothing wholesome, where the whole's infected.
Unseize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripend core,
That drops from her disease, that matters from her [sore.

4.

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or flesh that seems so brawny;
Thy paunch is dropsy'd, and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumours:
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

And

5.

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining
Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,
That always hast, yet always are complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth hath pow'r to give;
Whose treasure flows and flees away as fast;
That ever hast, and hast, yet hast not what thou hast.

6.

Go chuse a substance, fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking measure;
Or else go seek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure:
Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd!
Thy liquor's never sweet, nor yet thy vessel sound.

7.

What less than fool is man to prog and plot.
And lavish out the cream of all his care.
To gain poor seeming goods, which, being got;
Make firm possession but a thorough-fare?
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;
And, being kept with care, they lose their careful keeper.

S. GREG. Hom. iii: secund. Parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the flesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; whosoever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied, is a great art; lest, by the satiety of the flesh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

EPIG.

B.I. *Emb.* 13.

Da mihi Frœna Timor; da mihi Calcar Amor.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, fool, so fat? Fool, thee so bare?
Ye eat the self same milk, the self same air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone?
The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

XIII.

John iii. 19.

Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.

LORD, when we leave the world, and come to thee,
How dull, how slug are we!
How backward! how prepost'rous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are millstones, and our souls are lead,
And our desires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken, or not made;
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whose performance one poor worldly scoff
Foils us, or beats us off.
If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault,
We grumble or revolt;
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,
Or idly lose the way.
Is the road fair; we loiter; clogg'd with mire:
We stick, or else retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,
Each bush we see's a bear.
When our dull souls direct our thoughts to thee,
As slow as snails are we:
But at the earth we dart our wing'd desire;
We burn, we burn like fire.

Like

Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetic friend:
Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly
At his fair mistress' eye:
So, so we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet fly not fast enough.
If pleasure beckon with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a strong command:
If honour calls us with a courtly breath,
An hour's delay is death,
If profit's golden finger'd charm enveigles,
We clip more swift than eagles:
Let Auster weep or blustr'ing Boreas roar,
Till eyes or lungs be sore:
Let Neptune swell, until his dropsy sides
Burst into broken tides:
Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire,
Can curb our fierce desire;
Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds,
Nor waves nor winds:
How fast and fearless do our footsteps flee!
The light-foot roebuck's not so swift as we.

S. AUGUST. sup. Psal. lxiv.

Two several lovers built two several cities: the love of God buildeth a Jerusalem: *the love of the world buildeth a* Babylon: *let every one enquire of himself what he loveth; and he shall resolve himself, of whence he is a citizen.*

S. AUGUST. lib. iii. Confess.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre; my weight is love; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee less, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, scourge my ass, if she should make no haste;
And curb my stag, if he should fly too fast:
If he be over swift, or she prove idle,
Let Love lend him a spur; Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.

Psalm xiii. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest, I sleep the sleep death.

WILL'T ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd l
Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the

How long? how long shall these benighted eyes
Languish in shades, like feeble flies
Expecting spring? How long shall darkness soil
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our souls of sprightful action? When, when will d
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray
May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unsold souls new motion?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
Thy light will fray
These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day

Let those have night, that slily love t'immure
Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;
Let those have night, that blush to let men know
The baseness they ne'er blush to do;
Let those have night, that love to have a nap,
And loll in ignorance's lap;
Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night:

Phoſphere redde Diem.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day ;
How sad delay
flicts dull hopes ! Sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

s! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes
an find no objects, but what rise
n this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark
f Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,
ang'rous, dull blue-burning light,
s melancholy as the night :
e's all the suns that glister in the sphere
f earth : Ah me ! what comfort's here ?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day ;
Haste, haste away.
n's loit'ring lamp ? sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

, Ignorance : O thou, whose idle knee
ocks earth into a lethargy,
l with thy sooty fingers hast bedight *
he world's fair cheek, blow, blow thy spite ;
e thou hast puft our greater taper ; do
uff on, and out the lesser too :
er that breath-exiled flame return,
hou hast not blown, as it will burn :
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day :
Light will repay
wrongs of night ; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

* *Bedight*, i. e. besmear'd.

S. AUG. in Joh. Ser. xix.

God is all to thee: if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de Conq. Nat.

God is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a seminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, if ignorance puff out this light,
She'll do a favor that intends a spite:
'T seems dark abroad; but, take this light away,
Thy windows will discover *break o' day*.

B. I. *Emb.* 15

Johnson Sc

Debilitata Fides Terras: Aſtræa reliquit

Faith now is weaken'd: of Cœlestial Birth
Divine astræa, quits the groaning Earth.

XV.

Rev. xii. 12.

The devil is come unto you, having great power, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

1.

LORD, canst thou see and suffer? Is thy hand
Still bound to th'peace? Shall earths black monarch take
A full possession of thy wasted land?
O, will thy slumbring vengeance never wake,
Till full-age'd law-resisting custom shake
The pillars of thy right by false command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer and come down,
Behold whose temples wear thy sacred crown;
Redress, redress our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2.

See how the bold usurper mounts the seat
Of royal majesty; how overstrawing
Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bug-bear death, by torments overawing
Thy frighted subjects; or by favours drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat;
Lord, canst thou be so mild, and he so bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the fox? Lord, canst thou see, and hold?

3.

That sw'ft-wing'd advocate, that did commence
Our welcome suits before the King of kings,

That sweet embassador, that hurries hence
What airs th'harmonious soul or sighs or sins,
See how she flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense?
Sense-conqu'ring faith is now grown blind and
And basely craven'd *, that in times of old
Did conquer heav'n itself, do what th'Almighty c

4.

Behold, how double fraud does scourge and tear
Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whose fury has no ear?
See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent
A slave into eternal banishment,
I know not whither; O, I know not where:
Her patent must be cancel'd in disgrace:
And sweet-lip'd fraud, with her divided face,
Must act Astræa's part, must take Astræa's place.

5

Faith's pinion's clipt, and fair Astræa gone!
Quick-seeing Faith now blind, and Justice see:
Has Justice now found wings? And has Faith none
What do we here? Who would not wish to be
Dissolv'd from earth, and with Astræa flee
From this blind dungeon to that sun bright throne?
Lord, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside?
Is hell broke loose, and all her fiends unty'd?
Lord, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their fu

[]

* *Craven'd*, i. e. dishearten'd, made to knock under, &c.

PETER RAV. in Matth.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errors, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affection.

MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

EPIG. 15.

My soul, sit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play, before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

1.

ISAIAH l. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in t sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down sorrow.

1.

DO silly Cupid, snuff and trim
Thy false, thy feeble light,
And make her self-consuming flames more bright;
Methinks she burns too dim.
Is this that sprightly fire,
Whose more than sacred beams inspire
The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

2.

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Consumes, how fast she wanes;
She spends herself, and her, whose wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy lustful blast,
Which gave it lustre, make it last?
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends fast?

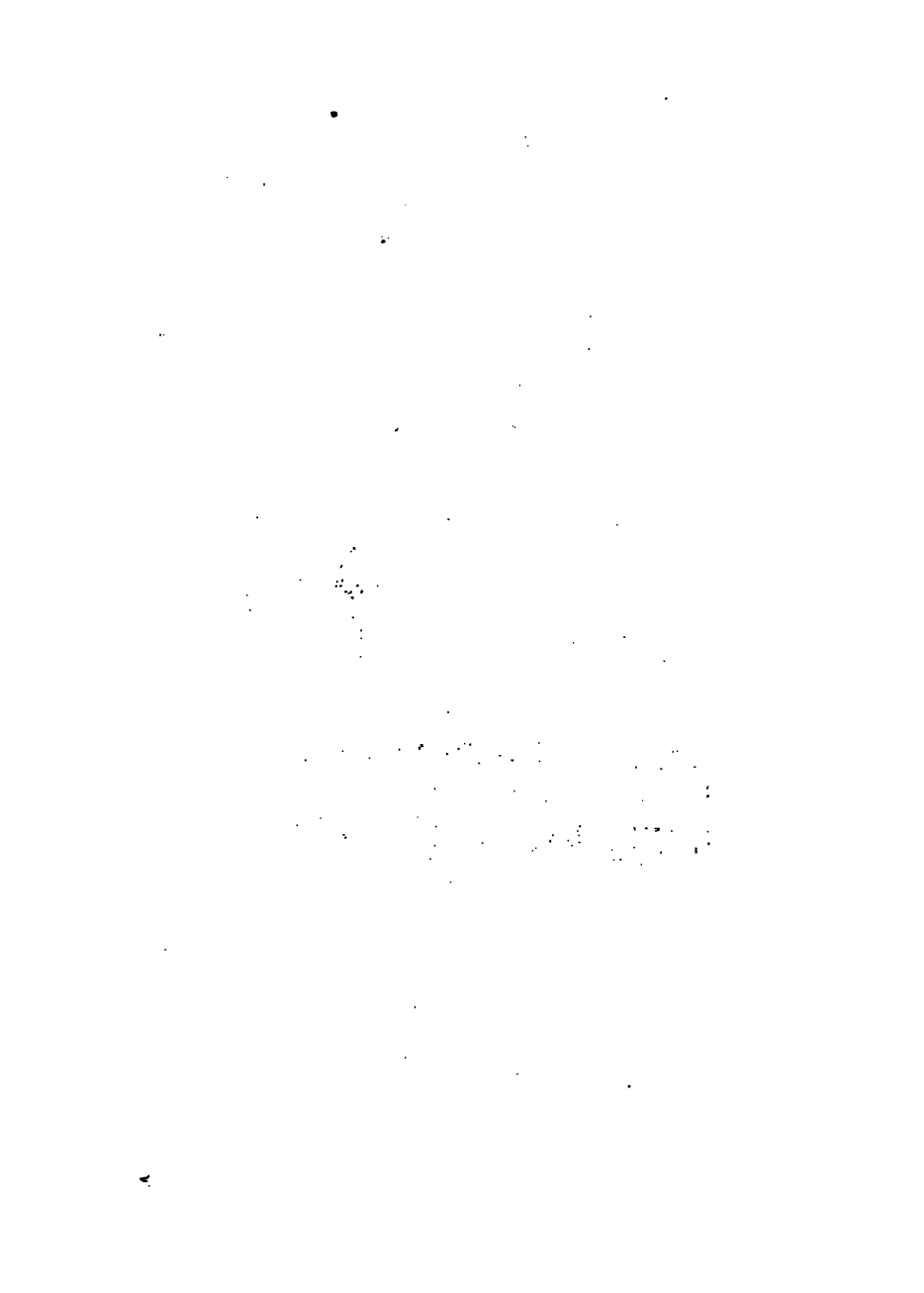
3.

Go, wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
Where never-breaking day
Intends to visit mortals, or display
Thy sullen shades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In night's un-Titan'd hemisphere;
Heav'n's scornful flames and thine can never co-appe

B. II. *Emb.* 1.

Sic Lumine Lumen ademptum.

So shines the Sun in native Splendour bright.
The feeble Ray eclipsing with his Light.



4.

In vain thy busy hands address
Their labour to display
Thy easy blaze within the verge of day;
The greater drowns the less!
If heav'n's bright glory shine,
Thy glimm'ring sparks must needs resign;
Puff out heav'n's glory, then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5.

Go, Cupid's rammish pander, go,
Whose dull, whose low desire
Can find sufficient warmth from nature's fire;
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made strong with spite:
When thou hast puff'd the greater light,
Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made night.

6.

Deluded mortals, tell me, when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,
What fire shall warm you then?
Ah, fools! perpetual night
Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
Where they shall boil in flames, but flames shall bring no light.

S. AUGUST.

The sufficiency of my merit, is, to know that my merit is not sufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. xxv.

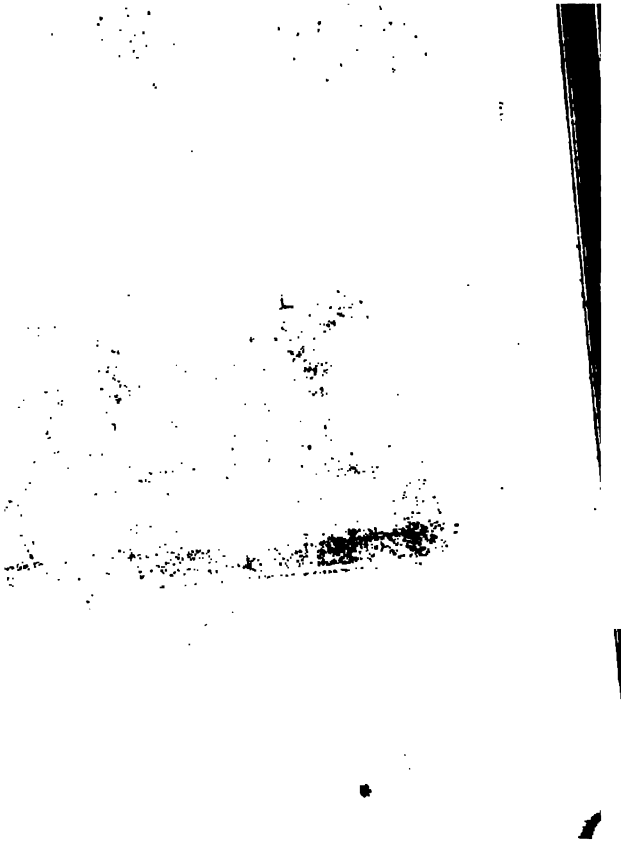
By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he seeth the light of grace, by so much the more he disdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.

EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'st heav'n's fire the whilst thou go'st about,
Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when fann'd with folly's breath.



B.II. *Emb.* 2.

Donec totum expleat Orbem.

Nor ceas'd his Cares, till this low World's vast round,
Within his vain, tho' eager Grasp be found.

II.

Eccles. vi. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye satisfied with riches.

O How our widen'd arms can overstretch
Their own dimensions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance! How our yielding breast
Can shrink to be more full, and full possest
Of this inferior orb! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, add store to store;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoil or burst: the busy mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coining new desires; desires not knowing
Where next to pitch; but, like the boundless ocean,
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by motion.
The pale-fac'd lady of the black-ey'd light
First tips her horned brows with easy light,
Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with increasing fire;
Each ev'ning adds more lustre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns:
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store,
Until her glutted orb can suck no more.
Ev'n so the vulture of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds,
New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire.
The grave is sooner cloy'd than men's desire:
We cross the seas, and 'midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return:
We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands;

We

We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl,
We progress, and we prog from pole to pole;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our midnight oil,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make art servile, and the trade gentile
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile),
To compass earth, and, with her empty store,
To fill our arms, and grasp one handful more;
Thus seeking rest our labours never cease,
But, as our years, our hot desires increase;
Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and sweat,
In vain attempt to comprehend the great:
Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers;
And what's inclos'd, incloses the inclosers.
Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise;
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise:
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's base dunghill; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap
Of wanton Delilah; the world's a trap.

HUGO de Anima.

Tell me, where be those now, that so lately loved a
hugged the world? Nothing remaineth of them but d
and worms: observe what those men are; what th
men were: they were like thee; they did eat, dri
laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment slipt i
hell. Here, their flesh is food for worms; there th
souls are fuel for fire, till they shall be rejoined in an u
happy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; whe
they that were once companions in sin, shall be hereaf
partners in punishment.

EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,
That's pent before, find secret vent behind:
And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'll trust thy armful, I'll trust that.

III.

Job xviii. 8.

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.

1.

WHAT! nets and quiver too? what need there all
These sly devices to betray poor men?
Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall
Before thy dart? what need these engines, then?
Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where thou list and when?
What needs a stratagem when strength can sway?
Or what needs strength compel, where none gainsay?
Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts obey?

2.

Husband thy sleights: it is but vain to waste
Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;
Thou canst not, ah! though canst not bid so fast
As men obey: thou art more slow to call
Than they to come; thou canst not make such haste
To strike, as they, being struck, make haste to fall.
Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart
That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art
T'avoid thy flying shaft, to quench thy firy dart.

3.

Lost mortal! how is thy destruction sure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorse!
The one's a line, the other is a lure;
This to intice thy soul; that to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how can't thou stand secure?
That draws; this wooes thee to th' eternal curse.

O charm-

Non amat Ifte, ſed hamat Amor.

His pure Affection this will fail to prove;
But he's entangled in the Snares of Love.

O charming tyrant! how thou hast befool'd
And slav'd poor man, that would not, if he could,
Shun thy line, thy lure; nay, could not, if he would!

4.

Ah! thy sweet perfidious voice betrays
His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
Then wrapp'st thy eyes in mists, then boldly lays
Thy Lethal gins before their crystal gates;
Then lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,
All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits:
His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be;
His eye most blind, where most it ought to see;
And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself
[most free.

5.

O grand impostor! how hast thou obtain'd
The wardship of the world! Are all men turn'd
Ats and lunatics? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy servile bands? Is none return'd
To his forgotten self? Has none regain'd
His senses? Are their senses all adjourn'd
What, none dismiss'd thy court? Will no plump
Bribe thy false fists to make a glad decree, [fee
To fool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners free?

S. BERN.

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here, things are traps; here, every thing is beset with snar here souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here, things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

EPIG. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please
Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these;
Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.

B. II. *Emb. 4.*

Johnson Sc:

Quam grave Servitium eſt quod levis Eſca parit.

Great muſt the Slavry be, where to your ſhare,
Such ſlight Refreſhment falls, to eaſe your Care.

IV.

Hosea xiii. 3.

They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.

FLINT-hearted Stoics, you, whose marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despise
To follow nature's too affected fashion,
Or travel in the regent walk of passion;
Whose rigid hearts disdain to shrink at fears,
Or play at fast and loose, with smiles and tears;
Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold
A new-found vanity, which days of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet:
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.
But stay, why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we sole guilty, and the first age free?
No, they were smok'd and slav'd as well as we: [sure,
What's sweet-lipt honour's blast but smoke? What's trea-
But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure?
Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts;
That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes.
The restless merchant, he that loves to steep
His brains in wealth, and lays his soul to sleep
In bags of bullion, sees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down:
He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;
Blow, winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A slave to silver's but a slave to smoke.
Behold the glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds sucks such an honour'd name;

That

That thinks no purchase worth the style of good,
But what is sold for sweat, and seal'd with blood;
That for a point, a blast of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a filip, or a gen'ral's frown:
His stroke-got honour staggers with a stroke;
A slave to honour is a slave to smoke.
And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days
In loose delights and sports about the blaze
Of Cupid's candle; he that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress' Gemini's,
Whereto his sad devotion does impart
The sweet burnt off'ring of a bleeding heart.
See, how his wings are sing'd in Cyprian fire.
Whose flames consume with youth, with age expire:
The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it,
Like morning vapours, vanish in a minute:
The vapours vanish, and the bubble's broke;
A slave to pleasure, is a slave to smoke.
Now, Stoic, cease thy laughter, and repast
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fast.

S. HIERON.

S. HIERON.

rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) h outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: he is blown not full.

PET. RAV.

tion and anguish accompany riches and honour: p of the world, and the favour of the people, are oke, and a blast suddenly vanishing: which if nmonly please, commonly bring repentance; and, inute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

thy diet's strange: it dulls, it rouses;
, it heats; it binds, and then it looses:
rightly-cold-hot fool, if e'er it winds thee
oseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.

Prov. xxiii. 25.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themselves wings, they flie away as an eagle.

1.

FALSE world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heav'n; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world,
thou ly'st.

2.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; false world, thou ly'st.

3.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:

Thy

Emb. 5.

Non Omne quod hic micat Aurum est.

Treasures here do Mammons Sons behold!
now that all which glitters is not Gold.

PET. BLES.

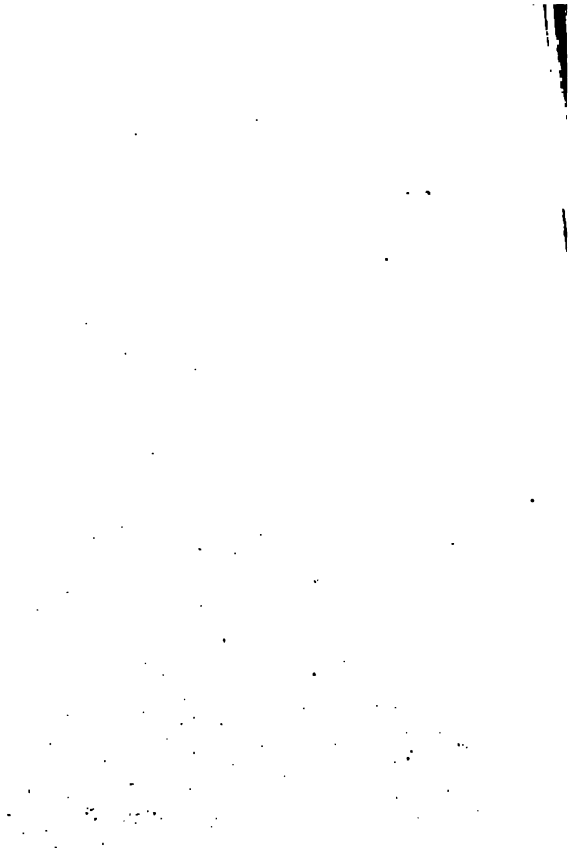
The world is deceitful: her end is doubtful; her conclusion horrible; her judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. Lib. Confess.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, thou'rt a traitor; thou hast stampt thy base
And chymic metal with great Cæsar's face,
And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd
For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd!



B.11. *Emb 6.*

Sic decipit Orbis

Look not upon this World: for Things appear
In false proportion: All's deceitfull here.

VI.

Job vi. 81.

Let not him that is deceived, trust in vanity; for vanity shall be his recompence.

1.

BELIEVE her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures: thou canst espy
No true reflection: she abuses
Her mis-inform'd beholder's eye;
Her crystal's falsely steel'd; it scatters
Deceitful beams; believe her not, she flatters.

2.

This flaring mirror represents
No right proportion, view, or feature:
Her very looks are compliments;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

3.

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou statur'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd.
A very fragment of a man!
She'll make thee Mimas, which you will,
The Jove slain tyrant, or th' Ionic hill.

4.

Had surfeits, or th' ungracious star,
Conspir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,

She'd lend the favour should outmove
The Troy-bane Helen, or the Queen of Love.

5.

Were thy consum'd estate as poor
As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's:
She'll change thy wants to seeming store,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
She'll make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

6.

Look off, let not thy optics be
Abus'd: thou see'st not what thou should'st:
Thyself's the object thou should'st see,
But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
And shadows thrive the more in stature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7.

Where heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger.
But when they glance their fair aspect,
The bold-fac'd shade grows larger, longer:
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

8.

The soul that seeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in; but swells, if grace retreat.
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our self-esteems grow less or great,
The least is greatest; and who shall
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

HUGO Lib. de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: first thou must see the visible things of thyself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass, wherein to see thy God, is, perfectly to see thyself.

EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross.
Man is Heav'n's master-piece: if it appear
More great, the value's less; if less, more dear.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY XXX. 19.

I have set before thee life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore chuse life, that thou and thy seed may live.

1.

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the plowman's toil;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff, and bury'd in her soil:
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile:
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross.

2.

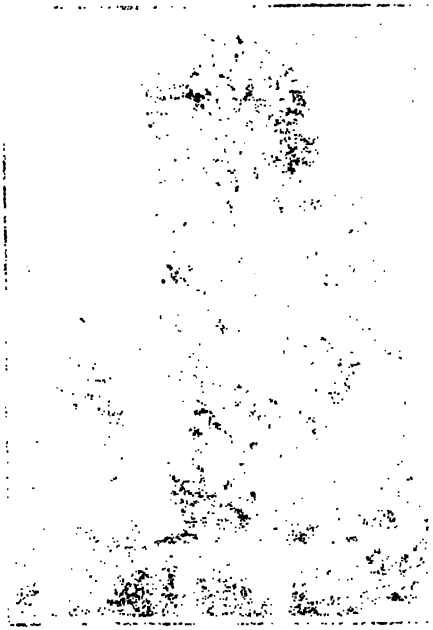
This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here lasting joys; here pleasure's hourly new,
And hourly fading may be wish'd and had:
All points of honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,
Which being empty most, does overflow the more.

3.

Come then, my soul, approach this royal burse,
And see what wares our great exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that shall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;

Hic peſsima Hic optima ſervat.

This takes the Worſt, and that the Beſt ſeaures:
That muſt be Beſt which evermore endures.



No need to sit in council with thy purse,
Here's nothing good shall cost more price than pains;
But, O my soul, take heed; if thou rely
Upon thy faithless optics, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: know, fools only trade by th' eye.

4.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless bran:
But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
So coarse a purchase; O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt desires:
Thou art Heav'n's tasker; and thy God requires
The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways;
No matter, then how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self-number'd days:
No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that [will.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Lib. 1. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation, th in fruition: but things eternal, more in the fruition th expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beast if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared beasts: but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suit with angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed
But like a child, and with the children's bread:
But thou art fed with corn, or chaff undrest;
My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.

Hæc animant Pueros Cymbala; at illa Viros.

This pleases Children; That the Man enjoys:
Tis Wisdom to despise such idle Toys.

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS iii. 19, 20.

They mind earthly things: but our conversation is in heaven.

VENUS. DIVINE CUPID.

Ven. WHAT means this peevish babe? Whish lullaby:
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing still it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurse's breast, nor mother's knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy
To make such whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this peevish brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come, buss and friends, my lamb; whish lullaby,
What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace, my dear; alas! thy early years
Had never faults to merit half these tears;
Come, smile upon me: let thy mother spy
Thy father's image in her baby's eye:
Husband these guilty drops against the rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: whish lullaby;
What ails my babe, my sweet-face'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty, golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring,
To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kisses: here's a knack indeed.

So

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As Pelop's shoulder, or a milk-white pair :
Here's right the father's smile ; when Mars beguil'd
Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they smile alike ; thy base-bred boy
And his base sire had both one cause, a toy :
How well their subjects and their smiles agree !
Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee :
False queen of beauty, queen of false delights,
Thy knee presents an emblem, that invites
Man to himself, whose self-transported heart
(O'erwhelm'd with native sorrows, and the smart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay,
The dull-brow'd pander of despair, lays by
His leaden buskins, and presents his eye
With antic trifles, which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth.
These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please ;
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these ;
These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter ;
Whilst heav'nly raptures pass without regard ;
Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard :
The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
Find more respect than great Apollo's lute.
We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys :
Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived creature, but received from the Creator; which ce possesed thereof) none can take from thee: where- asure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, ngs are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all de- hings are despicable.

S. BERN.

in a changeable subject, must necessarily change as ct changeth.

EPIG. 8.

hildish Cupid, peace: thy finger'd eye
s for what, in time, will make thee cry.
thy peevish wranglings thus appeas'd?
ay'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

IX.

ISAIAH x. 3.

What will ye do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will ye leave your glory?

1.

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts of kings?

2.

What Circæan charm, what Hecatæan spite
Has thus abus'd the god of love?
Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than Jove?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3.

Where be those rosy cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis* that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnish'd gold?

* *Port-cullis* (a term of fortification), i. e. a grate dropt down, to stop a gate-way.

No,

B. II. *Emb.* 9.

Venturum exhorresco Diem.

So has my Time paſs'd unperceiv'd, away:
I shun the Light, and dread a coming Day.

4.

o, no, 'twas neither Hecatæan spite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above ;
'was neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sprite,
That thus transform'd our god of love ;
'Twas owl-ey'd lust (more potent far than they)
Whose eyes and actions hate the day :
hom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

5.

e how, the latter trumpet's dreadful blast
Affrights stout Mars his trembling son !
e how he startles ! how he stands aghast,
And scrambles from his melting throne !
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The swelt'ring clouds, whilst heav'n appears
circle fill'd with flame, and centr'd with his fears !

6.

ıis is that day, whose oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of prophets bare ;
e faithless subject of the worldling's scorn,
The sum of men and angels pray'r :
This, this the day, whose all-discerning light
Ransacks the secret dens of night
ıd severs good from bad ; true joys from false delight.

7.

ıu grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades
Where light ne'er shot his golden ray,
ıat hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,
How will your eyes endure this day ?
Hills will be dead, and mountains will not hear ;
There be no caves, no corners there [fear.
ı shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from

HUGO.

O the extreme loathsomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enerves the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonness: it is accompanied with filthiness and uncleanness; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What! sweet-fac'd Cupid, have thy bastard treasure,
Thy boasted honors, and thy bold-fac'd pleasure,
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool: *to wit, to woe.*

B. II. *Emb.* 10.

Tinnit inane eſt.

Can Nothing then in this fair Orb be found?
Strike it and prove: — 'tis empty by its Sound.

X.

NAHUM ii. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waste.

1.

's empty: hark, she sounds, there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear;
in inquiry can at length but find
A blast of murm'ring wind:
ask, that seems as full as fair,
But merely tunn'd with air;
)uth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The soul that vainly founds
s upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

2.

npty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't,
The spark-engend'ring flint
oner melt, and hardest raunce* shall first
Dissolve, and quench thy thirst;
false world shall still thy stormy breast
With smooth-fac'd calms of rest.
ay'st as well expect meridian light
From shades of black-mouth'd night,
is empty world to find a full delight.

* *Raunce*; i. e. dry, mouldy *crust* of bread.

She'

3.

She's empty: hark, she sounds; 'tis void and vast;
What if some flatt'ring blast
Of flatuous honour should perchance be there,
And whisper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it list,
And vanisheth like mist.
Poor honor earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be so base, to bind
Her heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

4.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withal:
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's lin'd with silken trouble:
It is a world, whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
A quest-house of complaint:
It is a saint, a fiend; a worse fiend, when most a saint.

5.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow world; she's empty: hark, she
[sounds.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt find heaven.

HUGO Lib. de Vanit. Mundi.

The world is a vanity, which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

EPIG. 10.

This house is to be lett for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly lett; or let alone.

XI.

MATTH. vii. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few t be that find it.

PREPOST'ROUS fool, thou troul'st* amiss;
Thou err'st; that's not the way, 'tis this.
Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My floor is not so flat, so fine,
And has more obvious rubs than thine:
'Tis true, my way is hard and strait,
And leads me through a thorny gate,
Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell;
The common way to heav'n's by hell.
'Tis true, thy path is short and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah! fool beware,
The safest road's not always ev'n;
The way to hell's a seeming heav'n.
Think'st thou the crown of glory's had
With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'st thou that mirth, and vain delights,
High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights,
Soft knees, full bags and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a crown?
Or canst thou hope to come and view,
Like prosp'rous Cæsar, and subdue?
The bond-slave usurer will trudge;
In spite of gouts, will turn a drudge,
And serve his soul-condemning purse,
T' increase it with the widow's curse:

* *Troul'st*; i. e. roll a ball.

B. II. *Emb. 11*

Johnson Sc:

Erras: hâc itur ad illam.

No tis not thus; _ thy Ball like thee will stray:
Attend in time and learn the better Way.

shall the crown of glory stand
worth the waving of an hand ?
fleshly wanton, to obtain
ninute lust, will count it gain
se his freedom, his estate,
1 so dear, so sweet a rate :
pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
'n's palm be cheaper than a lust ?
true-bred spark, to hoise his name
1 the waxen wings of fame,
fight undaunted in a flood
's rais'd with brackish drops and blood :
shall the promis'd crown of life
ought a toy, not worth a strife ?
asy good brings easy gains ;
hings of price are bought with pains.
leasing way is not the right :
at would conquer heav'n, must fight.

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

S. GREG. Lib. viii. Mor.

The valour of a just man is, to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of the present life, to love and endure the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

EPIG. 11.

O Cupid, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit.
The way's not easy, where the prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.

B.11. *Emb.* 11.

Johnson Sc.

In Cruce ſtat ſecurus Amor.

'Tis thus alone, Security we prove;
While on the bleſsed Croſs we rest our Love.

XII.

GALAT. vi. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.

1.

CAN nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best,
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest
Receive my restless dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing high'r,
To bless my full desire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er [expire?

2.

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth, to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk than I?
I wanted fame, to glorify the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,
Wealth vanish'd like a shade;
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3.

The world's an ocean, hurry'd to and fro
With ev'ry blast of passion:
Her lustful streams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation:

They

hey alter daily, and they daily grow
The worse by alteration :
he earth's a cask full-tunn'd, yet wanting measure;
Her precious wine is pleasure ;
er yest* is honor's puff; her lees† are worldly trea-
[sure.

4.

y trust is in the cross : let beauty flag
Her loose, her wanton sail ;
et count'nance-gilding honor cease to brag
In courtly terms, and vail ;
et ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her base, though golden tail ;
alse beauty's conquest is but real loss,
And wealth but golden dross ;
est honor's but a blast : my trust is in the cross.

5.

y trust is in the cross ; there lies my rest :
My fast, my sole delight :
et cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East,
Blow till they burst with spite ;
et earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
And join their twisted might ;
et show'rs of thunderbolts dart round and wound me,
And troops of fiends surround me,
ll this may well confront ; all this shall ne'er con-
[found me.

* *Yest, or yeast* ; barm used for the fermentation of liquors.

† *Lees*, the settlement, or dregs at bottom.

S. AUGUST.

Christ's cross is the christ-cross of all our happiness; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; it bringeth strangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de Resur.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fullness of all virtues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd rest; rest fled, and soon forsook me:
I ran from grief; grief ran and overtook me.
What shall I do? Lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

XIII.

PROV. xxvi. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do smart
Beyond my patience, or great Chiron's art;
I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To send more darts? the first has done the deed:
Oft have we struggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and, with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has struck my conscience dead.
But must I die? ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But something whispers in my dying ear,
There is an After-day; which day I fear.
The slender debt to nature's quickly paid,
Discharg'd perchance with greater ease than made;
But if that pale-fac'd serjeant make arrest,
Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail
Of Stygian darkness, bound in red-hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worse than Titian pains.
Farewel my vain, farewel my loose delights;
Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas

Poſt Vulnera Dæmon

So when the fatal Wound has pierc'd thy Heart,
Th'insulting Fiend will aggravate the Smart.

'Twas you betray'd me first; and when ye found
My soul at 'vantage, gave my soul the wound:
Farewel, my bullion* gods, whose sov'reign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go seek another slave; ye all must go;
I cannot serve my God and bullion too.
Farewel, false honour; you whose airy wings
Did mount my soul above the thrones of kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and, in disdain,
Nipt my green buds; then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; farewel my Cyprian quiver;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this most delicious world, how sweet
Her pleasures relish! Ah! how jump† they meet
The grasping soul, and, with her sprightly fire,
Revive and raise, and rouse the wrapt desire!
For ever? O, to part so long! what, never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick resolves do resolution wrong;
What, part so soon, to be divorc'd so long?
Things to be done, are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

* *Bullion*; i. e. gold or silver in the mass: put for riches.

† *Jump*; i. e. fit, or tally with.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. lib. de Util. agen. Pœn.

Go up, my soul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set thy guilty self before thyself; hide not thyself behind thyself, lest God bring thee forth before thyself.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that washing where the next sin defileth: he hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the worse for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promised pardon to him that repenteth; but he hath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hasty dart,
As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had sav'd thee.

B. II. *Emb.* 24

Poſt lapſum fortius aſto.

E'r'n while I fell I rise again to prove

I firmer stand when raisd by heavenly Love

XIV.

PROV. xxiv. 16.

A just man falleth seven times, and riseth again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

1.

'TIS but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did herself betray
With too much play:
I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd; * the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

2.

Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? nay, but case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then
Falls to't again;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd † dies.

* *Cras'd*; i. e. weak. † *Craven'd*; i. e. conquer'd.

Boast

3.

Boast not thy conquest, thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'st ten times low'r;
Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base:
Thou wallow'st where I slip; and thou dost tumble,
Where I but stumble:
Thou glory'st in thy slav'ry's dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages:
Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears
My stains with tears;
Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure;*
But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

4.

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
We call a MAN!
What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
Of his desires!
How slight and short are his resolves at longest!
How weak at strongest!
Oh, if a sinner, held by that fast hand,
Can hardly stand;
Good God! in what a desp'rate case are they,
That have no stay!
Man's state implies a necessary curse:
When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's worse.

* *Ure*; i. e. use.

S. AM-

S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad Vincula.

Peter *stood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace, than he lost grace.*

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last, and, after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth shew
Thy trade; doth once, what thou dost always do:
Brag not too soon; has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? ah, fool, th' hast taught him how to stand.

XV.

JER. xxxii. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depa from me.

SO, now the soul's sublim'd; her sour desires
Are recalcin'd * in heav'n's well-temper'd fires:
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossy nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breathes new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the sting of death:
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts † each house he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer; ‡ and, at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæsar;
At length, by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand;
Whereon his pass, not fully understood,
Is taxed in a manuscript of blood;
Thus past from town to town; until he come
A sore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to sin, and uncontroul'd removes
From lust to lust, when wanton flesh invites
From old worn pleasures to new choice delights;
At length, corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended, but his gracious God,
And lash'd from sins to sighs; and, by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true pensive breast;
From thence to torments not by tongue exprest;

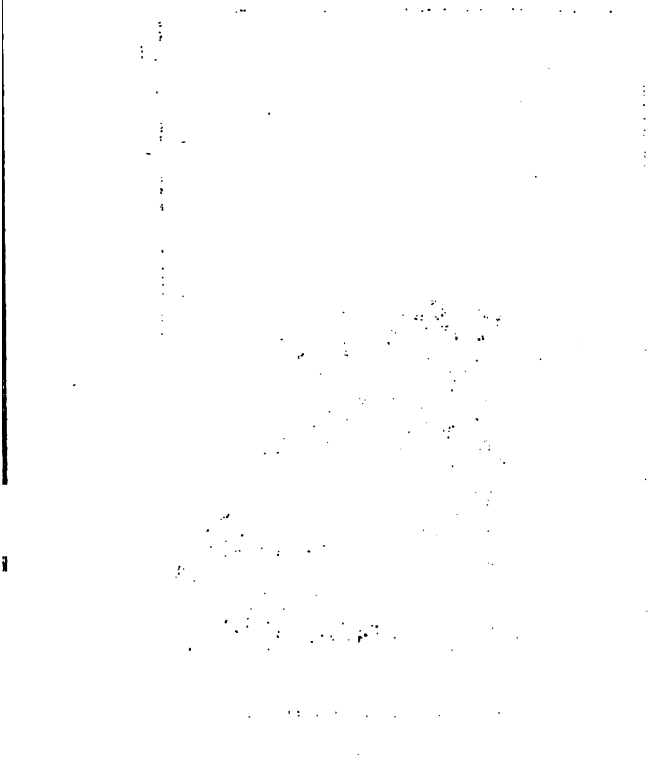
* *Recalcin'd*; to calcine, is, with chymists, to burn to a cinder.
† *'Dopts*; i. e. adopts, or makes his own.
‡ *Chequer*; i. e. exchequer, or treasury.

Returns

B. II. *Emb.* 15.

Patet Ætheri, clauditur Orbi.

Open to Heavn, the Heart scorns Earthly Pride;
Open to Heavn, tis shut to all beside.



Returns; and (from his sinful self exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures; pants to be dissolv'd:
The royal off-spring of a second birth,
Sets ope' to heav'n, and shuts the door to earth:
If love-sick Jove commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quicken'd Danaë's lap:
Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master)
Should lick his sores; he laughs, nor weeps the faster.
If earth, (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray;
To heav'n, 'tis wax,—and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw;
But, like the jet * unrubbed, disdains that straw.
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it!
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it;
No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it;
No sloth besots it, and no lust enthrals it;
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it:
It is a cark'net † of immortal life;
An ark of peace; the lists of sacred strife;
A purer piece of endless transitory;
A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory:
A heav'n-born offspring of a new-born birth;
An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

* *Jet;* i. e. black amber: which rubb'd, has an attractive quality

† A *cark'net*; i. e. a necklace.

S. AUG. de Spir. et Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where hum subjecteth, where repentence correcteth, where obedi directeth, where perseverence perfecteth, where powsr tecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity necteth.

S. GREG.

Which way soever the heart turneth itself (if c fully), it shall commonly observe, that in those very th we lose God, in those very things we shall find God shall find the heat of his power, in the consideratio those things, in the love of which things he was most c and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things raised, converted.

EPIG. 15.

My heart! But wherefore do I call thee so?
I have renounc'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and fleshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

B. III. *Front.*

Pſalm. 38. 9.

THE

THIRD BOOK.

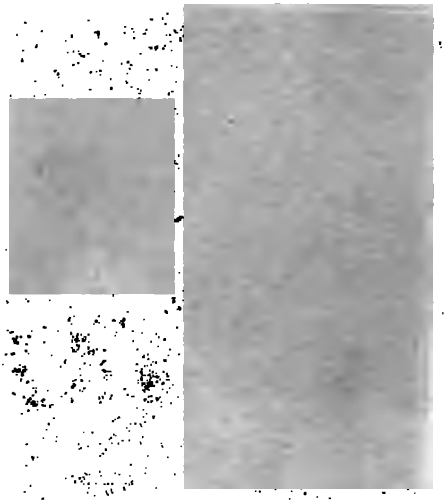
THE ENTERTAINMENT.

ALL you, whose better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can scorn
The world's base trash, whose necks disdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chaste ear
No wanton songs of syrens can surprize
With false delight! whose more-than-eagle eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and not daze; *
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
The loose suggestions of the flesh; draw nigh.
And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires,
Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires,
Which (like the rising sun) put out the light
Of Venus' star, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your passions crown'd
With greater happiness than can be found
In your own wishes; you that would affect
Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect
Shall wound your tortur'd souls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulness cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser fear
Unflames your courage in pursuit; draw near,
Shake hands † with earth, and let your soul respect
Her joys no further, than her joys reflect

* *Daze*; i. e. be dazzled.

† *Shake hands with*; i. e. take leave of.

Upon her Maker's glory; if thou swim
In wealth, see Him in all; see all in Him:
Sink'st thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent?
See Him in want: enjoy Him in content:
Conceiv'st Him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain?
In pray'r and patience find Him out again:
Make Heav'n thy mistress; let no change remove
Thy loyal heart,—be fond, be sick of love:
What, if he stop his ear, or knit his brow:
At length he'll be as fond, as sick as thou:
Dart up thy soul in groans; thy secret groan
Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy soul in vows: thy sacred vow
Shall find Him out, where Heav'n alone shall know:
Dart up thy soul in sighs: thy whisp'ring sigh
Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh; [thou.
There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and
Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with tears,
Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the bosom-shafts of thy desire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire:
And they will hit: fear not, where Heav'n bids come,
Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.



B.III. *Emb.1.*

Isaiah 26.9

I.

ISAIAH xxvi. 9.

My soul hath desired thee in the night.

GOOD God! what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades, and, muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold fac'd lamp of heav'n can set and rise,
And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
Night's bashful empress, though she often wane,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And, with her circling horns, doth re-embrace
Her brother's wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But ah! my sun, deep-swallow'd in his fall,
Is set, and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wane can beg nor borrow light;
Alas! my darkness is perpetual night.
Falls have their risings, wanings have their primes,
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times:
Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their springs;
All states have changes, hurry'd with the swings
Of chance and time, still tiding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With lengthen'd arms, to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in those celestial fires!
Like as the hagard,* cloister'd in her mew,†
To scour her downy robes, and to renew

* *Hagard;* i. e. a wild hawk.

† *Mew;* i. e. coop, or cage.

Her broken flags,* preparing t' overlook
The tim'rous mallard † at the sliding brook,
Jets ‡ oft from perch to perch, from stock § to ground;
From ground to window; thus surveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nips off her jangling jesses, ‖ strives to break
Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate ¶
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate: **
Ev'n so my weary soul, that long has been
An inmate in this tenement of sin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites
My cloister'd thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now scorns her shadows, and begins to dart
Her wing's desires at thee, that only art
The sun she seeks, whose rising beams can fright
These dusky clouds that make so dark a night:
Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see
Both how to loath myself, and honour thee:
But if my weakness force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twylight of thine eye:
If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant
That I, at least, may wish those beams I want.

* *Flags*; i. e. wing-feathers.

† *Mallard*; i. e. drake (water-fowl).

‡ *Jets*; i. e. hops.

§ *Stock*; i. e. perch.

‖ *Jesses*; i. e. leather thongs that tied on the bells.

¶ *Bate*; i. e. flutter her wings.

** *Grate*; i. e. lattice.

The above are all terms in falconry.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the Light of Truth: I, being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: but, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness, and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

EPIG. 1.

My soul, cheer up; what if the night be long,
Heav'n finds an ear, when sinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say,
When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.

Psalm lxix. 5.

O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are n hid from thee.

SEE'ST thou this fulsome ideot? in what measure
He seems transported with the antic pleasure
Of childish baubles? Canst thou but admire
The empty fulness of his vain desire?
Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these
Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please
The fond aspect of his deluded eye?
Reader, such very fools art thou and I:
False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams
Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams
Of pleasure, are our trafic, and ensnare
Our souls, the threefold subject of our care;
We toil for trash, we barter solid joys
For airy trifles, sell our heav'n for toys:
We catch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by
Despis'd; such very fools art thou and I.
Aimd'st thou at honour? does not th' ideot shake it
In his left hand? fond man, step forth, and take it:
Or would'st thou wealth? see now the fool presents th
With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee:
Wouldst thou take pleasure? If the fool unstride
His prancing stallion, thou mayst up and ride:
Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords such fools as doat upon her:
Such is the game whereat earth's ideots fly;
Such ideots, ah! such fools art thou and I.

B. III. *Emb. 2.*

Psalm. 69. 5

Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended
No farther than himself, and there had ended,
It had been just; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon th' eternal eyes of Majesty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breast
Of his indulgent Father; to arrest
His great and sacred person; in disgrace
To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face;
To taunt him with base terms, and, being bound,
To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with human fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears;
And then to paddle in the purer stream
Of his spilt blood, is more than most extreme;
Great builder of mankind, canst thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy-work? O! canst thou chuse but see,
That mad'st the eye? can aught be hid from thee?
Thou seest our persons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou seest not what thou may'st, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is inforc'd to be
A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spy
An open wound, a thor'ghfare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me,
Yet view the scar; that scar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS. Hom. iv. Joan.

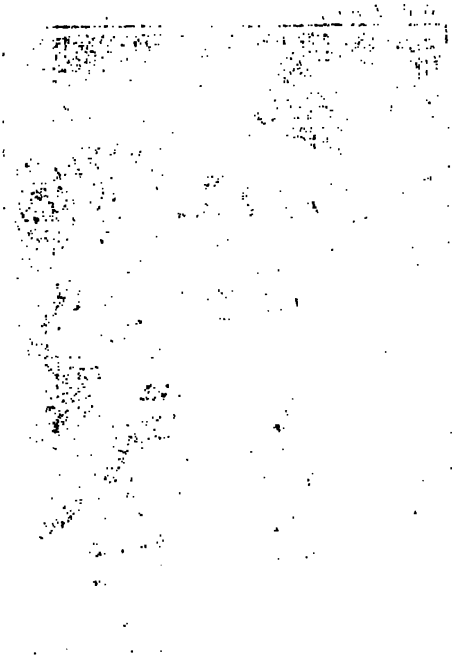
Fools seem to bound in wealth, when they want all things; they seem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable: neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy; till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.

EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controul'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Son!
How sweetly has the Lord of Life deceiv'd thee!
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd [thee.



B. III. *Emb. 3.*

Psalm. 6. 2.

III.

Psalm vi. 2.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. Jesus.

Soul. AH! Son of David, help. *Jes.* What sinful cry
Implores the Son of David? *Soul.* It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh! a deeply-wounded [breast
That's heavy laden, and would fain have rest.
Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed,
Like household children, with the children's bread.
Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs: O Son of David help.
Jes. Poor soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I [fry,
I cannot rest; I know not where to fly,
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man, I roll from place to place,
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Soul. Quench, quench my flames, and 'swage those [scorching fires.
Jes. Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try
Thy pulse: where, chiefly, doth thy torment lie?
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes.

Jes. Canst thou digest, canst relish wholsome food?
How stands thy taste? *Soul.* To nothing that is good.
All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff,
I can digest and relish well enough.
Jes. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad, it burns.
Jes. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall,
With eating fruit. *Jes.* 'Tis epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and the infection sprung
From a bad liver: 'tis a fever strong
And full of death, unless with present speed,
A vein be open'd: thou must die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and spent: that lance that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed:
I faint already; if I bleed, I die.
Jes. 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I:
My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Than these: cheer up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine.
Believe, and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. lib. x. Confess.

Lord be merciful unto me! Ah me! behold I l my wounds: Thou art a Physician, and I am si art merciful, and I am miserable.

S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an art do thy w oil restore health to my healthless soul! How pow mercifully, how mercifuly powerful art thou! P for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a doctor by?
Thou canst not live, unless thy doctor die!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine go
To 'swage her pains, but the Physician's blood!

IV.

Psalm xxv. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins.

BOTH work and strokes? both lash and labour to,
What more could Edom or proud Ashur do?
Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows!
Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? my pains no ease? no intermission?
Is this the state, is this the sad condition
Of those that trust thee; will thy goodness please
T' allow no other favors? none but these?
Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move?
Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
The toilsome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labor expiate and purge
My sin, without th' addition of a scourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains
Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains:
Behold these ridges, see what purple furrows
Thy plough has made: O think upon those sorrows
That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of sweat and blood?
Canst thou forget that drowsy mount wherein
Thy dull disciples slept? was not my sin
There punish'd in thy soul? Did not this brow
Then sweat in thine? were not those drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide
O'erflow'd thy sov'reign, sacramental side:

There

Pſalm. 25. 18.

B

TTPETIC

There was no sin, there was no guilt in thee, [me.
That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bled'st for
Was there not blood enough, when one small drop
Had pow'r to ransom thousand worlds, and stop
The mouth of justice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can justice challenge more?
Or dost thou vainly labor to hedge in
Thy losses from my sides? my blood is thin,
And thy free bounty scorns such easy thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift.
But must I ever grind? and must I earn
Nothing but stripes? O wilt thou disaltern*
The rest thou gav'st? hast thou perus'd the curse
Thou laid'st on Adam's fall, and made it worse?
Canst thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Lost man should feed in sweat; not work in blood:
Why dost thou wound th' already wounded breast?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at best:
I am but dying dust: my day's a span;
What pleasure tak'st thou in the blood of man?
Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere:
Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

*_Disaltern_; i. e. set aside the alternate changes of _stripes_ and _rest_, common to man.

S. BERN. Hom. lxxxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man but a free man; free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: in regard of my bondage, miserable; in regard of my will, inexcuseable: for my will, that was free, beslaved itself to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.

EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: thine own defaults did urge
This twofold punishment; the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not repenting.

Job. 10. 9.

V.

Job x. 9.

Remember, I beseech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into dust again?

THUS from the bosom of the new-made earth
Poor man was delv'd*, and had his unborn birth;
The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him:
One was their sire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his sisters, and the beast his brother,
The elder too; beasts draw the self-same breath,
Wax old alike, and die the self-same death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd;
Alike they flourish, and alike they fade:
The beast in sense exceeds him, and, in growth,
The three-ag'd oak doth thrice exceed them both.
Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I,† but my Creator did inspire
My chosen earth with the diviner fire
Of reason; gave me judgment and a will;
That, to know good; this, to chuse good from ill:
He put the reins of pow'r in my free hand,
A jurisdiction over sea and land;
He gave me art to lengthen out my span
Of life,—and made me all, in being man:
I,† but thy passion has committed treason
Against the sacred person of thy reason:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

* *Delv'd*; i. e. dug.

† *I*; i. e. Aye.

The greater height sends down the deeper fall ;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worst of all.
Say then proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatness claim the more in being man ?
O but my soul transcends the pitch of nature,
Borne up by th' image of her high Creator ;
Out-braves the life of reason, and bears down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brasen crown.
My heart's a living temple, t' entertain
The king of glory, and his glorious train :
How can I mend my title, then ? where can
Ambition find a higher style than man ?
Ah ! but that image is defac'd and soil'd ;
Her temple's raz'd, her altars all defil'd ;
Her vessels are polluted and distain'd
With loathed lust, her ornaments profan'd ;
Her oil-forsaken lamps and hallow'd tapers
Put out ; her incense breaths unsav'ry vapors :
Why swell'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth ? what art thou more in being man ?
Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
My coarse foundation from a sod of clay,
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak ;
Thou know'st, my brittle temper's prone to break :
Are my bones brasil, or my flesh of oak ?
O mend what thou hast made, what I have broke :
Look, look with gentle eyes, and, in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. xxxii.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee, O my Potter, because thy hands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

EPIG. 5.

Why swell'st thou, man, puft up with fame and purse?
Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worse;
Thou cam'st from earth, to earth thou must return;
And art but earth, cast from the womb to th' urn.

VI.

Job vii. 20.

I have sinned: what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why dost thou set me as a mark against thee.

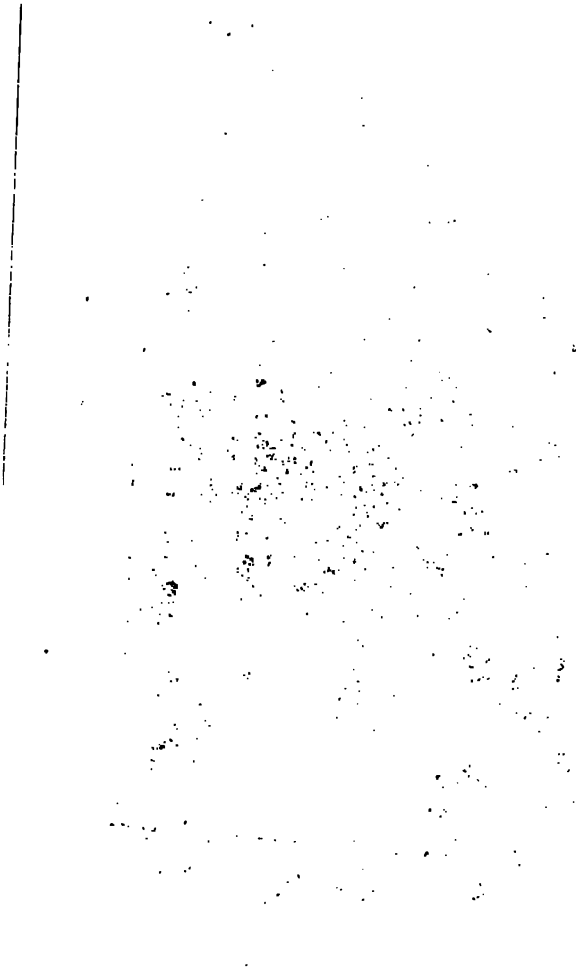
LORD, I have done; and, Lord, I have misdone;
'Tis folly to contest, to strive with one
That is too strong; 'tis folly to assail
Or prove an arm that will, that must prevail.
I've done, I've done; these trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own.
Forbear to strike; where thou hast won the field;
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
These treach'rous hands that were so vainly bold
To try a thriveless* combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardless guard,† doth now repent
Upon this naked floor; see both are bent,
And sue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: it doth begin
To stink without, and putrify within.
Let that victorious hand, that now appears
Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preserver of presumptuous man,
What shall I do? What satisfaction can
Poor dust and ashes make? O if that blood,
That yet remains unshed, were half as good

* *Thriveless*; i. e. unsuccessful.

† A term in fencing.

III. *Emb. 6.*

Job. 7. 20.



lood of oxen, if my death might be
)ff'ring to atone my God and me,
uld disdain injurious life, and stand
itor to be wounded from thy hand.
nay thy wrongs be measur'd by the span
fe, or balanc'd with the blood of man?
no, eternal sin expects for guerdon,*
al penance, or eternal pardon:
down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
pardon him that hath no price to pay;
ge that soul, which base presumption binds;
justice cannot loose what mercy finds;
ou that wilt not bruise the broken reed,
not my sores, nor prick the wounds that bleed,
, if thy peevish infants fight and flies,
unpar'd weapons, at his mother's eyes,
frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance to shew
ngry love-tick on his arm, or so;
re, if the babe but make a lip and cry,
heart begins to melt, and by-and-by
oaks† his dewy cheeks; her babe she blisses,
choaks her language with a thousand kisses.
that child: lo, here I prostrate lie,
ing for mercy; I repent, and cry
racious pardon: let thy gentle ears
that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
ot my frailties, Lord, but through‡ my fear,
look on ev'ry trespass through a tear:
calm thine anger, and appear more mild;
mber, th' art a father, I a child.

uerdon; i. e. reward.

aks; i. e. soothes.

hrough; i. e. see through.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the re proach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man but a free man: free because like to God; miserable be cause against God. O keeper of mankind; why hast tho set me as a mark against thee? Thou hast set me, becau thou hast not hindered me: it is just that thy enem should be my enemy; and that he who repugneth tho should repugn me: I, who am against thee, am again myself.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But born, and then rebel?
How small a blast will make a bubble swell!
But dare the floor afront the hand that made it?
So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it!

B. III. *Emb. 7*

Johnson Sc.

Job. 13. 24.

VII.

Job xiii. 24.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sun-shine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me?
Thou art my life, my way, my light in thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious sight,
Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night.
My God thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly;
Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I!
Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see;
To whom, or wither should my darkness flee,
But to the light; and who's that light but thee?

My path is lost, my wand'ring steps do stray;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay;
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way?

O

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair? to whom shall my sad ashes fly,
For life? and where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn's away thy face, and fly'st me;
And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me;
Speak art thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me?

Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st thy face? perhaps thou think'st no eye
Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw the nigh'r;
Let me behold and die, for my desire
Is, Phœnix-like to perish in that fire.

Death-conquer'd Laz'rus was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, set death's pris'ner free;
Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he?

If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine†
My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine?
O what's thy light the less for light'ning mine?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd say,
Shall I still wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, shall a lamb of Isra'l's sheepfold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings, and stay;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

† To *tine*, or *tind*; i. e. that is to light up.

S. AU

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Why dost thou hide thy face? Haply thou wi none can see thy face and live: Ah, Lord, let me di I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die; I not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

ANSELM. Med. Cap. v.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection God, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire hidest thy pearl, to inflame the seeker; thou dela give, that thou mayest teach me to importune; s not to hear, to make me persevere.

EPIG. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchsafe to shine
Upon our souls, we slight, if not, we whine:
Our equinoxial hearts can never lie
Secure beneath the tropics of that eye.

VIII.

JER. ix. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were springs, and could transform
Their drops to seas; my sighs into a storm
Of zeal, and sacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring vessel, laden with her sin,
Might suffer sudden shipwreck, and be split
Upon that rock, where my drench'd soul may sit,
O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion: Oh, and there
Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear!
Ah me! that ev'ry sliding vein that wanders
Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders
In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell
This flesh with holy dropsies, from whose well,
Made warm with sighs, may fume my wasting breath,
Whilst I dissolve in streams, and reek to death!
These narrow sluices of my dribbling eyes
Are much too strait for those quick springs that rise,
And hourly fill my temples to the top;
I cannot shed for ev'ry sin a drop;
Great Builder of mankind, why hast thou sent
Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent?
O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow,
Instead of earth; and bones of ice, that so,
Feeling the fever of my sin, and loathing
The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!

Q thou

Jer. 9. 1.

O thou that didst, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb,
And then, with joyful pain, brought'st forth a son,
What, worth thy labour, has thy labour done?
What was there, ah! what was there in my birth
That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth?
A man was born; alas! and what's a man?
A scuttle full of dust, a measur'd span,
Of flitting time; a furnish'd pack, whose wares
Are sullen griefs, and soul-tormenting cares:
A vale of tears, a vessel tunn'd with breath,
By sickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death:
A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry
To feed; that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whose eye spent drops so often
For me, that cannot weep enough; O soften
These marble brains, and strike this flinty rock;
Or, if the music of thy Peter's cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears
With that sweet sound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep, until thou broach mine eye;
O give me vent, or else I burst and die.

Pſalm. 18. 5.

IX.

Psalm xviii. 5.

The sorrows of hell compasseth me about, and the snares of death prevented me.

IS not this type well cut, in ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? fil'd with Xeuxian art?
Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds,
Limn'd full to th' life? didst ever hear the sounds
Of music, and the lip-dividing breaths
Of the strong-winded horn, recheats,* and deaths,
Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrod's halloo?
The lawless purlieus?† and the game they follow?
The hidden engines, and the snares that lie
So undiscover'd, so obscur'd to th' eye?
The new-drawn-net, and her entangl'd prey?
And him that closes it? Beholder, say,
Is't not well-done? seems 't not an em'lous strife
Betwixt the rare-cut picture and the life?
These purlieu-men are devils; and the hounds
(Those quick-nos'd canibals, that scour the grounds)
Temptations; and the game, the fiends pursue,
Are human souls, which still they have in view;
Whose fury if they chance to' scape by flying,
The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying
On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure,
Ambitious honour, and self-wasting pleasure:
Where, if the soul but stoop, death stands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown the soul's ensnar'd.

* *Recheats*; an hunting term; when the horn blows to a retreat from a false scent.

† *Purlieus*; i. e. forbidden ground.

Poor

Poor soul! how art thou hurry'd to and fro!
Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go?
If stay, these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee:
If go, the snares inclose, the nets ensnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee
A willing guest? wherein can earth delight thee?
Her pleasures are but itch; her wealth, but cares:
A world of dangers, and a world of snares:
The close pursuers' busy hands do plant
Snare in thy substance; snares attend thy want:
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace:
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base:
Snares tuck thy bed? and snares surround thy board:
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attach thy word:
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion:
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion:
Snares lurk in thy resolves; snares in thy doubt:
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without:
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath:
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death.
Oh! if these purlieus be so full of danger,
Great God of harts, the world's sole sov'reign ranger,
Preserve thy deer; and let my soul be blest
In thy safe forest, where I seek for rest:
Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill;
Rouse me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AM-

S. AMBROS. Lib. iv. in Cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.

S. AMBROS. de Bono Mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares; for the eye of the harlot is the snare of the adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating, he sets before us gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labour, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger: in honour, pride: in the heart he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when asleep to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy soul's way-laid by sea, by hell, by earth:
Hell has her hounds; earth, snares; the sea, a shelf;
But, most of all, my heart, beware thyself.

X.

Psalm cxliii. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Jesus. Justice. Sinner.

Jes. BRING forth the pris'ner, Justice. *Just.* Thy [commands
Are done, just Judge: see here the pris'ner stands.
Jes. What has the pris'ner done? Say, what's the cause
Of his commitment? *Just.* He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God? conspir'd the death
Of that great Majesty that gave him breath;
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.
Jes. How know'st thou this? *Just.* Ev'n by his own
His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud: [confession:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.
Jes. What sayst thou, sinner? hast thou aught to plead,
That sentence should not pass? Hold up thy head,
And shew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth; much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n: I need no other shrift*
Than mine own conscience: Lord, I must confess,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

* *Shrift*: i. e. confession: an old word for auricular confession, with papists.

Jus.

Psalm. 143. 2.

Jus. Lord, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice,
Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say? [stay:
Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious image, and, at first,
Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature, [greater.
Here, trembling at thy bar. *Just.* Thy fault's the
Lord, shall I strike the blow? *Jes.* Hold, Justice, stay:
Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?
Sin. Nothing but *mercy, mercy,* Lord; my state
Is miserably poor and desperate:
I quite renounce myself, the world, and flee
From Lord to Jesus, from myself to thee.
Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd,
Abused mercy must have blood for blood:
Shall I yet strike the blow? *Jes.* Stay, Justice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch; methinks, I spy
My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.
Just. I cannot hold. *Jes.* Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my sides, let there the wound be made:
Cheer up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine:
My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundless* deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

* *Groundless*; i. e. without bottom.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me; thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest save me. Remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, but behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the flesh of Christ move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge,
Is now my advocate, is now my judge:
He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

B. III. *Emb. 11.*

Johnson Sc

Psalm. 69. 15.

XI.

Psalm lxix. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up.

THE world's a sea; my flesh a ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's hand:
My heart's the seaman's card,* whereby she sails;
My loose affections are the greater sails:
The top-sail is my fancy; and the gusts,
That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.
Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears
The anchor hope, ne'er slipp'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands
The stagg'ring keel; my sins are like the sands:
Repentance is the bucket; and mine eye
The pump unus'd (but in extremes) and dry:
My conscience is the plummet that does press
The deeps, but seldom cries, *O fathomless!*
Smooth calm's security; the gulf, despair;
My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare:
My soul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n
From fear to fright; her landing port is heav'n.
My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak;
My sailors rude; my steersman faint and weak:
My canvass torn, it flaps from side to side;
My cable's crack'd, my anchor's slightly ty'd;
My pilot's craz'd; my shipwreck-sands are cloak'd;
My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd;
My calm's deceitful, and my gulf too near;
My wares are slubber'd, and my fare's too dear:

* *Card, sheet, cable*; sea-terms, all of them proper and beautiful.

My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound;
Oh, shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd?
Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm;
Instuct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm:
Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails;
Send stiffer courage, or send milder gales:
Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster;
Direct my pilot, and be thou his master:
Object the sands to my most serious view,
Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew:
New-cast my plummet, make it apt to try
Where the rocks lurk, and where the quicksands lie;
Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care;
Cleanse thou my freight; accept my slender fare;
Refresh the sea-sick passenger; cut short
His voyage; land him in his wished port:
Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
That through the sea gav'st grumbling Is'rel way,
Say to my soul, Be safe; and then mine eye
Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.
O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save.

S. AMBROS. Apol. post. pro. David. Cap. iii.

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the seafaring soul, that reason cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

We labour in the boisterous sea: thou standest upon the shore, and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla *and* Charybdis, *that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.*

EPIG. 11.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts: O keep aloof; there's danger:
Cast forth thy plummet; see, a rock appears:
Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.

JOB xiv. 13.

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me in secret, until thy wrath be past.

O Whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out, to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from thunder? where shall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip* as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted foul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to smite, can save.

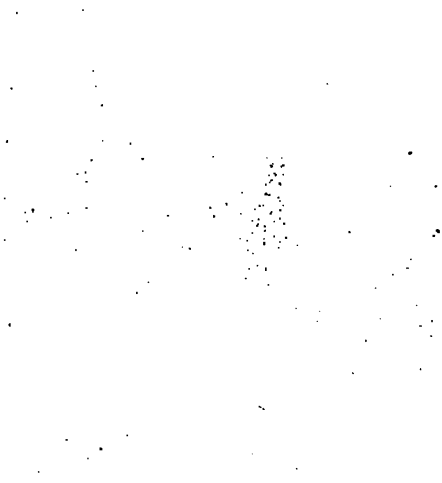
The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split;
The shield will cleave; the frighted shadows flit:
Where Justice aims, her firy darts must hit.

* *Clip;* i. e. cut the air, or fly.

No,

BIII Exod 12.

Job. 14. B.



No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, or under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's everywhere?

'Tis vain to flee, till gentle mercy shew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The swing of justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly
His angry mother's hand; but clings more nigh,
And quenchs with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls;
Poor cots are ev'n as safe as princes' halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below?
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe:
'Tis thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God! by thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself; I know,
Just God, thy very self is mercy too;
If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey; my wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxiii.

Whither fly I? To what place can I safely fly? to what mountain? to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth me: for whatsoever thou fliest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience: wheresoever, O Lord, I go, I find thee: if angry, a revenger; if appeased, a redeemer: what way have I, but to fly from thee to thee? That thou mayest avoid thy God, address to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command
No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'st thou not where to scape? I'll tell thee where;
My soul make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

Job. 10. 20.

XIII.

Job x. 20.

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little.

MY glass is half unspent; forbear t' arrest
My thriftless day too soon: my poor request
Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; see, see how swift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be spun.

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay;
What loss sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged hours; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepid age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

And what's a life? A blast sustain'd with cloathing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loathing,
Then weary of itself, a gain to nothing.

Read

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view,) how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too soon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit, how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

No, no: 'tis not to please my wanton ears
With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led:
That seed has not yet broke my serpent's head;
O shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest
To taste the dainties of thy royal feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest?

First let the Jordan streams, that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart arise
And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of sins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented:
O spare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. x.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the space of ur life; and what remaineth, is daily made less, insonuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to leath.

S. GREG. Lib. ix. Cap. xliv. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; insomuch that that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which, swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'st thou to go, when such an arm invites thee?
Dread'st thou loads of sin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins;
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

XIV.

DEUT. xxxii. 29.

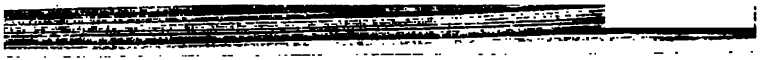
O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!

FLESH. SPIRIT.

Fl. WHAT means my sister's eye so oft to pass
Thro' the long entry of that optic glass?
Tell me what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view, it draws the objects near.
Fl. What sense-delighting objects dost thou spy?
What doth that glass present before thine eye?
Sp. I see thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, ev'n standing at the glass's end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. *Fl.* A proper sight.
And is this all? Doth thy prospectus please
Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?
Sp. Yes I behold the darken'd sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high tribunal throne;
I see a brimstone sea of boiling fire,
And fiends with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor souls, that gnash their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, sister, how the queasy-stomach'd graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves
Scald their consumeless bodies; strongly cursing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.

Fl. Ca

Deuteron. 32. 29.



Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? These are shows t' affright:
Look in this glass triangular; look here,
Here's that will ravish eyes. *Sp.* What seest thou there?
Fl. The world in colours; colours that distain
The cheeks of Proteus, or the silken train
Of Flora's nymphs; such various sorts of hue,
As sun-confronting Iris never knew:
Here, if thou please to beautify a town,
Thou may'st; or, with a hand, turn't upside down:
Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that doat'st on vain, on present toys,
And disrespect'st those true, those future joys;
How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas!
To doat on goods that perish with thy glass;
Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might stand
With painted reason that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being to besot thee!
Foresight of future torments is the way
To balk those ill which present joys bewray.
As thou hast fool'd thyself, so now come hither,
Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

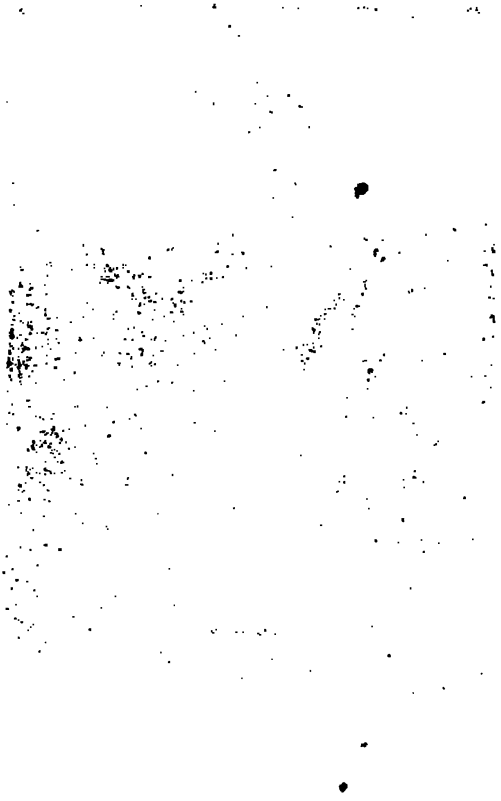
S. BONA

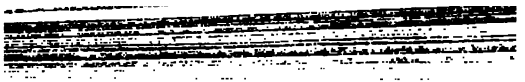
S. BONAVENT. de Contemptu Sæculi.

O that men would be wise, and understand, and foresee! Be wise, to know three things: the multitude of those that are to be damned; the few number of those that are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: understand three things: the multitude of sins, the omission of good things, and the loss of time: foresee three things; the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

EPIG. 14.

What, soul, no further yet? what ne'er commence
Master in faith, still bachelor of sense?
Is't insufficiency? or what has made thee
O'erslip thy lost degree? Thy lusts have staid thee.





Ah me

XV.

Psalm xxx. 10.

My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing.

WHAT sullen star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of mirth?
How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain
The slender alms of one poor smile in vain!
How often, tir'd with the fastidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the shades of night!
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For ling'ring twilight glutted with the shade!
Day worse than night, night worse than day appears;
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpity'd, groan without relief;
There is no end nor measure of my grief.
The smiling flow'r salutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care, it neither spins nor sows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour!
Why was I born? why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by so large a span?
Or why suspended by the common lot?
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! why is my sorrow-wasted breath
Deny'd the easy privelege of death?
The branded slave, that tugs the weary oar,
Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore:
His ransom'd stripes are heal'd; his native soil
Sweetens *the mem'ry* of his foreign toil:

But ah! my sorrows are not half so blest;
My labour finds no point, my pains no rest:
I barter sighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Sisyphæan stones.
Thou just observer of our flying hours,
That, with thy adamantine fang, devours
The brasen mon'ments of renowned kings
Doth thy glass stand? or be thy moulting wings
Unapt to fly? if not, why dost thou spare
A willing breast, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death?
O that the pleased heav'ns would once dissolve
These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve
My hamper'd soul! then would my soul be blest
From all those ills, and wrap her thoughts in rest:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years;
My years are ages, to be spent in tears:
My grief's entail'd upon my wasteful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off but death.
Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in moans,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT. de Vilitate Condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I ıy bewail the miserable ingress of man's condition; the ful progress of man's conversation; the damnable ess in man's dissolution? I will consider with tears, ereof man was made, what man doth, and what man o do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in sin, n to punishment: he doth evil things, which are not vful: he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he h vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

r heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears
secret date; the use is groans and tears:
ad not; usurious nature will have all,
well the int'rest as the principal.

THE

FOURTH BOOK.

I.

Rom. vii. 23.

I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.

1.

O HOW my will is hurry'd to and fro,
And how my unresolv'd resolves do vary !
I know not where to fix ; sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary :
I like, dislike ; lament for what I could not ;
I do, undo ; yet still do what I should not,
And at the self-same instant will the thing I would not.

2.

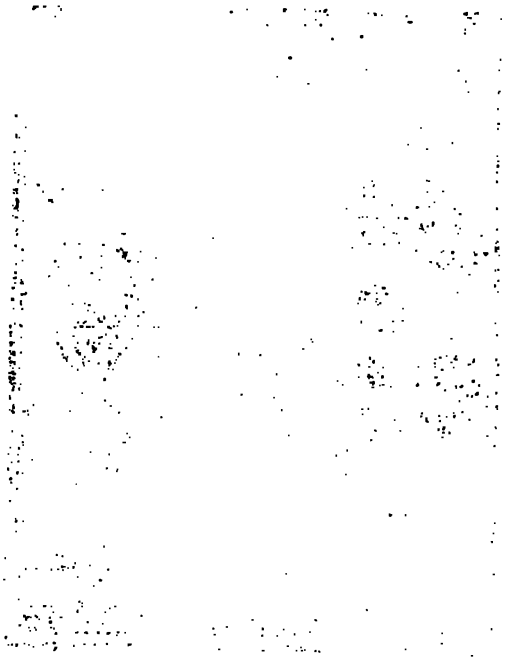
Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts opprest
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
Thus am I hourly tost from east to west,
Upon the rolling streams of good and ill :
Thus am I driv'n upon the slipp'ry suds
From real ills to false apparent goods :
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebbs and floods.

3.

The curious penman, having trim'd his page
With the dead language of his dabled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill ;
Ev'n so my pregnant soul, in th' infant bud
Of her best thoughts, show'rs down a coal-black flood
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good.

Some-

Rom. 7. 23.



4.

Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat
Warms my chill soul, and sets my thoughts in frame;
But soon that fire is shoulder'd from her seat
By lustful Cupid's much inferior flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame intire;
Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mixt desire
Consum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5.

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts outpass
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then methinks I scorn the thing I was,
Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my desire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt, and plunge within their wonted mire.

6.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleshy will:
My passion's eagle-ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' ostrich wings of my desires shall be
So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
Yet grant my soul desire, but of desiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. ix. in Cant.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and instable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel, cannot subsist in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, findeth none, but remaineth miserable through labor, and void of peace: it agreeth not with itself, it dissenteth from itself; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth, and willeth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

S. AUGUST. de Verb. Apost.

When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not; therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.

EPIG. 1.

My soul, how are thy thoughts disturb'd confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cause
Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.

B. IV. *End.* 2.

Johnson Sc.

Pſalm 119. 5.

O that my wandring Steps might guided be
To keep the Road whose Paths direct to thee

II.

Psalm cxix. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

1.

THUS I, the object of the world's disdain,
With pilgrim face surround the weary earth:
I only relish what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief; her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness; and her truth my error.
Her freedom is my goal; and her delight my terror.

2.

Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love,
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above;
My life's a prepartion but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee.
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3.

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous* ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No resting here; he's hurry'd back that stays
A thought; and he that goes unguided, wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to [heav'n!

4.

This gyring† lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire;
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier:
Where, if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

* *Anfractuous*; i. e. winding about. † *Gyring*; i. e. full of turnings.

5.

Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What trusty lantern will direct my feet
To 'scape the danger of these dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to pass without a guide?
Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

6.

An unrequested star did gently slide
Before the wise men, to a greater light;
Backsliding Isra'l found a double guide;
A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night:
Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far
More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

7.

O that the pinions of a clipping* dove
Would cut my passage through the empty air;
Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault,
Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of salt.

8.

Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent ray:
Thou art my path direct my steps aright;
I have no other light, no other way:
I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue;
His law shall be my path; his heavenly light my clue.

* *Clipping*; i. e. swift-flying.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

O Lord, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; n whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death: he light, without which there is darkness; the way vithout which there is wandering; the truth, without vhich there is error; the life, without which there is leath: say, Lord, Let there be light, and I shall see ight, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and woid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, O illuminate ny blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow f death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on, what makes thy soul complain,
Crowns thy complaint; the way to rest is pain:
The road to resolution, lies by doubt:
The next way home's the farthest way about.

III.

PSALM xvii. 5.

Stay my steps in thy paths, that my feet do not slide.

1.

WHENE'ER the old exchange of profit rings
Her silver saints-bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant-soul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unweary'd pains!
The charms of profit are so strong that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly.

2.

If time-beguiling pleasure but advance
Her lustful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportive soul can frisk and dance,
And hug that syren in her twined arms!
The sprightly voice of sinew-strength'ning pleasu
Can lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

3.

If blazing honor chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire;
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and scrue a thousand cringes.

4.

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honor of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure;
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slov
I have no wings to fly, nor legs to go.

B. IV. *Emb.* 3.

Johnson Sc:

Pſalm · 17 · 5

Thus, let me ſtill attend my heavenly Guide,
That in his Ways my Footſteps may not ſlide.

5.

› when the streams of swift-foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
he idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,
Without the blast or tug of wind or oar;
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam
With ease; so facile is the way from home!

6.

ıt when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
then she slugs; nor sail, nor oar prevails;
The stream is sturdy, and her tide's extreme:
Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

7.

reat All in all, that art my rest, my home;
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
ach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST. Ser. xv. de Verb. Apost.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not: for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still, proceedeth not; he goeth back, that continueth not; he deviateth that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my soul, to lose for want of cunning;
Weep not; heav'n is not always got by running.
Thy thoughts are swift although thy legs be slow;
True love will creep, not having strength to go.

B. IV. *Emb. 4.*

Pſalm 119.120.

Thus troubled by these wrathful Signs displayd,
My Fleſh lies trembling and my Souls afraid.

IV.

Psalm cxix. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments.

LET others boast of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know, vengeance seldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wisely frame
Her backward tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed tables are made fair,
That she be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a necessary blot* be set,
She hits thee; wins the game; perchance, the set:
If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high,
Be wisely temp'rate; cast a serious eye
On after dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward seed-times make thy harvest lame.
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wisely patient; let not envious glances
Repine, to view thy gamester's heap so fair;
The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare.
The world's great dice are false; sometimes they go
Extremely high, sometimes extremely low:
Of all her gamesters, he that plays the least,
Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best:
The way to win, is to play fair, and swear
Thyself a servant to the crown of fear.

* *Blot, a term at backgammon.*

Fear

Fear is the primer of a gamester's skill:
Who fears not bad, stands most unarm'd to ill.
The ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
And fear of bad is the best foil to good.
True fear's th' elixir, which in days of old
Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold:
The world's the tables; stakes, eternal life:
The gamesters, heav'n and I; unequal strife!
My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame
My indisposed life: this life's the game;
My sins are several blots; the lookers-on
Are angels; and in death the game is done.
Lord, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd; my dice run low:
The stakes are great: my careless blots are many:
And yet thou passest by, and hit'st not any:
Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me
With the least jog: the lookers-on deride me:
It is a conquest undeserving thee,
To win a stake from such a worm as me:
I have no more to lose; if we persevere,
'Tis lost: and that once lost, I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will ply my game with greater fear.
O give me fear, ere fear has past her date:
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN. Ser. liv. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God not overwise, but to fear: happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

S. AUGUST. supper Psal.

Present fear begetteth eternal security: fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us?
Our sins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill
Transmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

V.

PSALM cxix. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

HOW like the threads of flax,
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax,
My soul dissolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how th' eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good,
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3.

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next day's sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
How apt to vary! apt to change!

4.

How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The

B.IV. *Emb.6.*

Psalms.119.37.

O turn away mine Eyes; nor let the Vain
And Wanton lure me to their idle Train

5.

ommon food he doth
his soul-tormenting thoughts withal,
ney in his mouth
it, and in his heart to-morrow gall;
ftentimes, within an hour,
very sweet, and very sour.

6.

eet Corinna smile,
n of joys breaks down into his heart:
ina frown awhile,
orments are but copies of his smart:
in a lustful heart doth dwell
ming heav'n, a very hell.

7.

worthless, vain, and void
fort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
h, ere they be enjoy'd,
us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
be the pleasures that are priz'd,
n Heav'n's cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

8.

quench these hasty flashes,
dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
v'ry minute dashes
the wanton windows of mine eyes
close the casement, whilst I stand
ith the curtain of thy hand.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. iv.

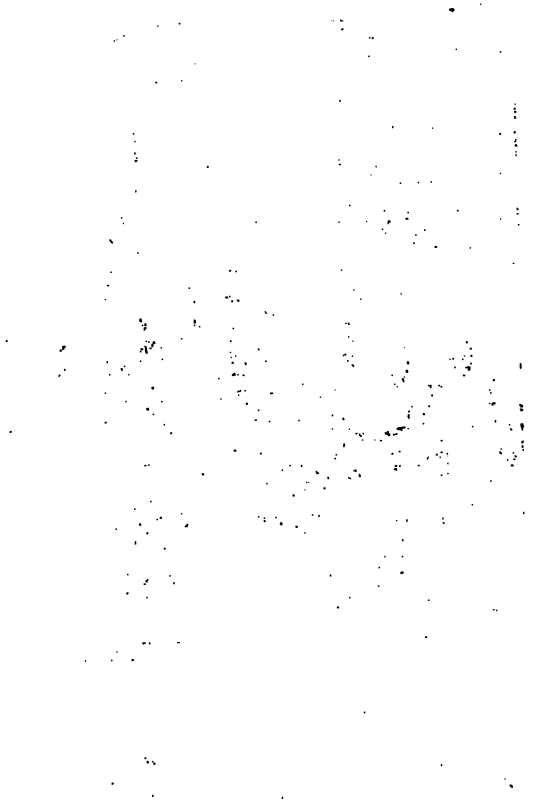
O thou Sun, that illuminateth both heaven and earth! woe be unto those eyes that do not behold thee: woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: woe be unto those which turn away their eyes, that they will not behold thee: woe be unto those that turn away their eyes, that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. snp. Matt. xix.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an avoidable pain, necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God! to close mine eyes from ill,
When I resolve to keep the old man still;
My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee,
Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.



B.IV. *Emb.* 6.

Esther. 7. 3.

If in thy Sight I have due Favour found,
Let my Petition with Success be crown'd.

VI.

ESTHER vii. 3.

I have found favour in thy sight, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition.

[HOU art the great Ahasuerus, whose command
Doth stretch from pole to pole; the world's thy
:bellious Vashti's the corrupted will, [land;
'hich, being call'd, refuses to fulfil
ıy just command; Esther, whose tears condole
ıe rızed city, 's the regen'rate soul;
captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace
'ith nuptial honours in stout Vashti's place:
ıer kinsman, whose unbended knee did thwart
roud Haman's glory, is the fleshly part;
'he sober eunuch, that recall'd to mind
:he new-built gibbet (Haman had divin'd
'or his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
ls lustful-thought-controuling chastity;
nsulting Haman is that fleshly lust,
Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must
Triumph in pride, and study how to tread
)n Mordecai, till royal Esther plead.
Great King, thy sent-for Vashti will not come;
) let the oil o' th' blessed virgin's womb
:leanse my poor Esther: look, O look upon her
Vith gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honour
o scour her captive stains, that she may prove
ın holy object of thy heav'nly love:
ınoint her *with the spikenard* of thy graces,
hen try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:

Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And set thy royal crown upon her head;
If, then, ambitious Haman chance to spend
His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend
The wilful stiffness of his stubborn knee,
Or basely crouch to any lord but thee;
If weeping Esther should prefer a groan
Before the high tribunal of thy throne,
Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy royal Esther be possest
Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request:
Curb lustful Haman, him that would disgrace,
Nay ravish thy fair queen before thy face:
And as proud Haman was himself ensnar'd
On that self gibbet which himself prepar'd;
Soon nail my lust, both punishment and guilt,
On that dear cross which mine own lusts have built.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O Holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do: counsel me, that I may love thee; confirm me, that I may hold thee; conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

S. AUGUST. sup. Joan.

The spirit lusts, where the flesh resteth: for as the flesh is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed with sour.

Ibidem.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of mercy and justice is thy kingdom built;
This plagues my sin, and that removes my guilt;
Whene'er I sue, Ahasuerus-like, decline
Thy sceptre: Lord, say, Half my kingdom's thine.

VII.

CANTICLES vii. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

1.

CHRIST. SOUL.

Chr. COME, come, my dear, and let us both retire,
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field:
Where warbling Phil'mel and the shrill-mouth'd choir
Chant forth their raptures; where the turtle builds
Her lovely nest; and where the new-born brier
Breathes forth the sweetness that her April yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
These rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no stander-by.

2.

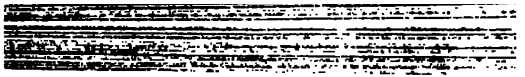
Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blast, and all the world's a bubble;
Our city mansion is the fairest home,
But country sweets are ting'd with lesser trouble;
Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come;
A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I'll stir with Martha, or I'll stay with Mary:
Our hearts are firmly fixt, although our pleasures vary.

Chr

B.IV. *Emb.7.*

Cant: 7. 11.

Come my Beloved, let us range the Fields,
And taste each sweet Delight the Season yields.



3.

Chr. Our country mansion (situate on high),
With various objects, still renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory:
Her walls of firy-sparkling chrysolite;
Her pavement is of hardest porphyry;
Her spacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire;
And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

4.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falsely was my fond conceit possest!
I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd
And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd at best.
Alas! I ne'er expected more, nor crav'd;
A turtle hop'd but for a turtle's nest:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle stay
Neglect th' advantage of the headstrong day;
How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

5.

Chr. Come, then, my joy, let our divided paces
Conduct us to our fairest territory;
O there we'll twine our souls in sweet embraces:
Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passion's story.
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces,
Soul. And all these graces shall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial manna;
I'll be thy Elkanah. *Soul.* And I thy Hannah.
Chr. I'll sound my trump of joy. *Soul.* And I'll resound
[hosannah!

S. BERN.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee? O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee, things earthly and transitory are changed into heavenly and eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha *still complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanic soul, thou must not only do
With Martha, but with Mary ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when Martha's reconcil'd to Mary.

Cant: 1.8.

Because thy sweet Perfumes so fragrant be,
Draw me O Lord, and I will follow Thee.

VIII.

CANTICLES i. 3, 4.

iw me: we will run after thee, because of the savour of thy good ointments.

THUS, like a lump of the corrupted mass,
I lie secure, long lost before I was:
ınd, like a block, beneath whose burden lies
:hat undiscover'd worm which never dies,
ıve no will to rouse, I have no pow'r to rise.

ı stinking Lazarus compound or strive
th death's entangling fetters, and revive?
)r can the water-bury'd ax implore
ı hand to raise it, or itself restore,
d from her sandy deeps approach the dry-foot shore?

hard's the task for sinful flesh and blood
lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God! I cannot move the least degree:
Ah! if but only those that active be,
ıne should thy glory see, none should thy glory see.

t if the potter please t' inform[1] the clay,
some strong hand remove the block away,
Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher;
That proves a vessel, which before was mire;
ıd this, being hewn, may serve for better use than fire.

ıd if that life-restoring voice command
ad Laz'rus forth; or that great prophet's hand
Should charm the sullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a stick but in,
ad Laz'rus must revive, and th' ax must float again.

[1] *Inform*; i. e. new-make.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;
The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty sweets invite me;
They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

See how my sin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rise!
Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
My lifeless will with thy regen'rate fire;
The first degree to do, is only to desire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
That have no pow'r but merely to resist;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list!

My soul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use
And winding up, being subject to th' abuse
Of eating rust) wants vigour to fulfil
Her twelve-hours task, and shew her Maker's skill,
But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good;
If thou be pleas'd to cleanse it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy soul-moving keys,
Her busy wheels shall serve thee all her days;
Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy
[praise.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the savour of thy ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, not in the greatness of our strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies; for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: thou, like a giant, runnest by thy own power; we, unless thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to stand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand.
He 'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels stand still, thou art not good.

IX.

Canticles viii. 1.

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee.

1.

COME, come; my blessed infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my sacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee
From Herod's fury, or the high-priest's harms:
Or if thy danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

2.

But ah! what savage tyrant can behold
The beauty of so sweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controul'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Than there were myriads in the days of Cæsar.

3.

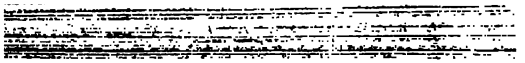
O had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy stock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but, prostrate on the earth,
Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illustrious

B.IV. *Emb. 9.*

Cant: 8. 1.

O that my fond impassion'd Heart could prove,
For Thee, the sweetness of a Sisters Love!



4.

Illustrious babe how is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! how dost thou decline
Thy majesty, that wert so late embrac'd
In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh
Me with thy spirit, and assume my flesh!

5.

But must the treason of a traitor's hail
Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?
Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail
These alabaster sides with knotted whips?
And must these smiling roses entertain
The blows of scorn, and flutts of base disdain?

6.

Ah! must these dainty little springs*, that twine
So fast about thy† neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails; and must these brows resign
Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?
Ah! must the blessed infant taste the pain
Of death's injurious pangs; nay, worse, be slain?

7.

Sweet babe! at what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a sin! Lord ev'ry sin's a dart;
And ev'ry trespass let's a jav'lin fly;
And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss;
And seal that granted pardon with a kiss.

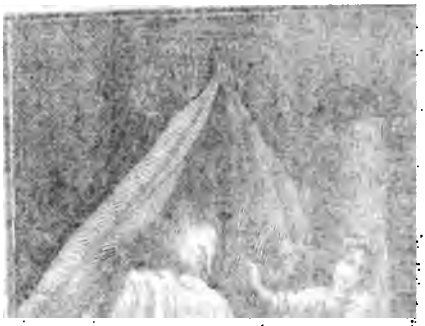
* *Springs*; i. e. arms. † *Thy* neck; read *my* neck.

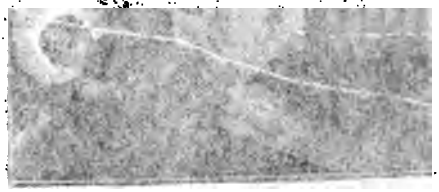
S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses w sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attract virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; u touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I virgin. O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile no cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifie Jesu the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon n I believed so late, that so much sweetness is i embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burden's greatest; let not Atlas boast:
Impartial reader, judge which bears the most:
He bears but heav'n; my folded arms sustain
Heav'n's maker, whom heav'n's heav'n cannot co





B.IV. *Emb.10.*

Cant. 3.1

I sought my Lover on my Bed by Night:
I sought, but could not find my Soul's Delight.

X.

CANTICLES iii. 1.

y bed, by night I sought him whom my soul loveth:
I sought him, but I found him not.

'HE learned Cynic, having lost the way
To honest men, did, in the height of day,
aper-light, divide his steps about
peopled street, to find this dainty out;
fail'd: the Cynic search'd not where he ought;
thing he sought for, was not where he sought.
wise men's task seem'd harder to be done,
wise men did by star-light seek the Sun,
d found: the wise men search'd it where they ought;
thing they hop'd to find was where they sought.
e seeks his wishes where he should; but then
chance he seeks not as he should, nor when.
other searches when he should; but there
fails, not seeking as he should, nor where.
ose soul desires the good it wants, and would
ain, must seek where, as, and when he should.
w often have my wild affections led
wasted soul to this my widow'd bed,
seek my lover, whom my soul desires!
peak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires:
fires are all but dying sparks to mine;
flames are full of heav'n, and all divine)
often have I sought this bed by night,
nd that greater by this lesser light!

How

How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented
Thy dearest absence! ah! how often vented
The bitter tempests of despairing breath,
And toss'd my soul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of silent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear!
And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear.
O is thy wonted love become so cold?
Or do mine eyes not seek thee where they should?
Why do I seek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry-where?
I see my error: 'tis not strange I could not
Find out my love; I sought him where I should not.
Thou art not found on downy beds of ease;
Alas! thy music strikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that false feeble light
Of nature's candle; our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkness; nor can we
Expect a morning but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loss,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy shameful cross:
If thou refuse to share a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll share a cross with thee.

ANSELM. in Protolog. i.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if every-where, why do I not see thee present? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee Lord, teach me to seek thee, and shew thyself to the seeker: because I can neither seek thee unless thou teach me; nor find thee unless thou shew thyself to me: let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy bed?
But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is fled:
'Tis vain to seek him there: my soul be wise;
Go ask thy sins, they'll tell thee where he lies.

XI.

Canticles iii. 2.

I will rise, and go about the city, and will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

1.

O HOW my disappointed soul's perplext! [breast!
How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext
With fears! and how betwixt them both distrust!
What place is left unransack'd? Oh! where next
Shall I go seek the author of my rest?
Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire
The undiscover'd way to that intire
And everlasting solace of my heart's desire?

2.

Look how the stricken hart, that wounded, flies
O'er hills and dales, and seeks the lower grounds
For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes
Beg silent mercy from the foll'wing hounds;
At length, embost,* he droops, drops down and lies
Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears,
Doth search for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears.
Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panic fears.

* Embost; i. e. taking to cover.

Where

B. IV. *Emb.* II.

Cant: 3. 2.

I rose, and round the City rang'd, in vain,
For Him was not among the busy Train

/

3.

re have my busy eyes not pry'd ? O where,
: whom has not my thread bare tongue demanded ?
rch'd this glorious city ; he's not here :
ought the country ; she stands empty-handed ;
·ch'd the court : he is a stranger there :
ısk'd the land ; he's shipp'd : the sea ; he's landed :
I climb the air, my thoughts began t' aspire :
But ah ! the wings of my too bold desire,
ng too near the sun, were sing'd with sacred fire.

4.

v'd the merchant's ear, alas ! but he
ıew neither what I said, nor what to say :
:'d the lawyer, he demands a fee ;
ıd then demurs me with a vain delay :
:'d the schoolman, his advice was free,
ıt scor'd me out too intricate a way :
I ask'd the watchman (best of all the four).
Whose gentle answer could resolve no more,
that he lately left him at the temple-door.

5.

s having sought, and made my great inquest
ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear,
ew me on my bed ; but ah ! my rest
'as poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear ;
ıre looking down into my troubled breast,
ıe magazine of wounds, I found him there :
Let others hunt, and shew their sportful art ;
I wish to catch the hare before she start,
oachers used to do ; Heav'n's form* 's a troubled
[heart.

* *Form (a hunting term)* ; i. e. where the hare sits.

S. AMBROS. Lib. iii. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: for Christ is peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a labourer, in the market idleness: Christ is charity, in the market is slander: Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

S. HIERON. Ser. ix. Ep. 22. ad Eustoch.

Jesus is jealous: he will not have thy face seen: foolish virgins ramble abroad; seek thou thy love at home.

EPIG. II.

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the ship that moves, and not the coast;
I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

Cant:3.4.

Ah! have you seen him? Yes, my Love I found,
And my fond Arms encircled him around.

XII.

CANTICLES iii. 3, 4.

ve you seen him whom my soul loveth? When I had passed a little from them, then I found him; I took hold on him, and left him not.

1.

VHAT secret corner? what unwonted way
Has 'scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
e fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never search'd those places I have sought.
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

2.

w hath my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion!
w often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!
I ask'd the city-watch but some deny'd me [me;
The common street, whilst others would misguide
ne would debar me; some divert me; some deride me.

3.

rk how the widow'd turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
etches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
id there bewails her everlasting widow head.

4.

So when my soul had progress'd ev'ry place
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t' embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live :
But there injurious Hymen did present
His landscape joys ; my pickled eyes did vent
Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent.

5.

Whilst thus my sorrow-wasting soul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleedi
He that was sought, unfound, was found, unsought
As if the sun should dart his orb of light
Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night :
Ev'n so appear'd my love, my sole, my soul's delight.

6.

O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight
Of my bright sun, shot flames of equal fire !
Ah ! how my soul dissolv'd with o'er delight,
To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire !
How sov'reign joy depos'd and dispossess'd
Rebellious grief ! and how my ravish'd breast—
But who can 'xpress those heights, that cannot be
[press

7.

O how these arms, these greedy arms did twine
And strongly twist about his yielding waist !
The sappy branches of the Thespian vine
Ne'er cling their less beloved elm so fast.
Boast not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd sh
Let Hymen's easy snarls be quite forgot :
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our kn

ORIG. Hom. x. in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! how happy, that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for behold thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee; but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

BEDA in Cap. iii. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I sought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What found him out? let strong embraces bind him;
He'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him:
New sins will lose what old repentance gains.
Wisdom not only gets, but, got, retains.

XIII.

Psalm lxxiii. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my trust in the Lord God.

WHERE is that good, which wise men please to call
The chiefest? doth there any such befal
Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all!

If such there be, it neither must expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r:
Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend;
Can be desired for no other end,
Than for itself, on which all other goods depend.

What may this exc'lence be? doth it subsist
A real essence clouded in the mist
Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart idea, to procure
An edge, and keep the practic soul in ure,* [ture?†
Like that dear chymist dust,‡ or puzzling quadra-

Where shall I seek the good; where shall I find
This cath'lic pleasure, whose extremes may bind
My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?
Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold
This secret saint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

* *Ure*; i. e. exercise. † *Chymic*, i. e. the philosopher's stone supposed to turn all metals to gold. ‡ Puzzling *quadrature*; i. e. *squaring* the circle.

B. IV. *Emb.* 13.

Pſalm 73. 28.

To my Soul's Lord have I at length drawn near,
With him my Anchor's lodg'd; I need not fear.

No, no, she lies not there; wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours;
She slides from heav'n indeed, but not in Danæ's show'rs.

Lives she in honor? No. The royal crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? No. Pleasure begins in rage;
Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage;
Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods; the best of these
Torment the soul with pleasing it; and please
Like waters gulp'd in fevers, with deceitful ease.

Earth's flattering dainties are but sweet distresses:
Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes;
Alas! can earth confer more good than earth possesses?

Mount, mount, my soul, and let my thoughts cashier
Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career
At heav'n's eternal joys; stop, stop, thy courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure,
There shalt thou swim in never fading pleasure;
And blaze in honor far above the frowns of Cæsar.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
For earth's inferior trash: thou, thou art all in all!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xiii.

I follow this thing, I pursue that; but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, to whom that immutable, individed, and only good in thyself, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was joined, my whole desire was satisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. ix. sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boast of his sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

EPIG. 18.

Let Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves be join'd,
Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves;
Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul, a Rock that saves.

B.IV. Emb. 14.

Cant: 2. 3.

Bereath his Shade I took my sweet Repast,
And Fruits rich flavour'd gratified my Taste.

XIV.

Canticles ii. 3.

I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

1.

LOOK how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,
Eftsoon* becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleag'ring flies;
Where, swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly flies away
From her own self, ev'n of herself afraid;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

2.

Ev'n so my wand'ring soul, that hath digress'd
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my sins; these vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promothean heart; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay;
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My swelt'ring soul: my soul hath oft assay'd,
Yet she can find no shroud,† yet can she feel no shade!

* *Eftsoon*; i. e. presently.

† *Shroud*; i. e. covering.

I sought

3.

I sought the shades of mirth, to wear away
My slow-pac'd hours of soul-consuming grief;
I search'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day
Of griping sorrows with a night's reprieve.
I sought the shades of death; thought there t' allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor sleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the false shades of their deceitful bow'rs:
The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4.

Where shall I turn? to whom shall I apply me?
Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade?
Thy Godhead, Jesus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,
Where I may sit and vengeance never eye me;
Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? is there no refection?*
Is there no cover that will give protection
T' a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's reflection?

5.

Look up, my soul, advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a shadow found: the human nature
Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the sun-beams of thy just Creator:
Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick Zaccheus did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying flesh betwixt those beams and thee.

* *Refection*; i. e. refreshment.

GUIL. in Cap. ii. Cant.

o can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of justice? hall not be consumed by his beams? Therefore the f justice took flesh, that, through the conjunction of un and this human body, a shadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiv.

d, let my soul be free from the scorching thoughts of nld, under the covert of thy wings, that, being re- l by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing y. In peace will I lay me down and rest.

EPIG. 14.

reach'rous soul, would not thy pleasure's give
Lord, which made thee living, leave to live?
hat thy sins have done: thy sins have made
un of glory now become thy shade.

XV.

Psalm cxxxvii. 4.

How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?

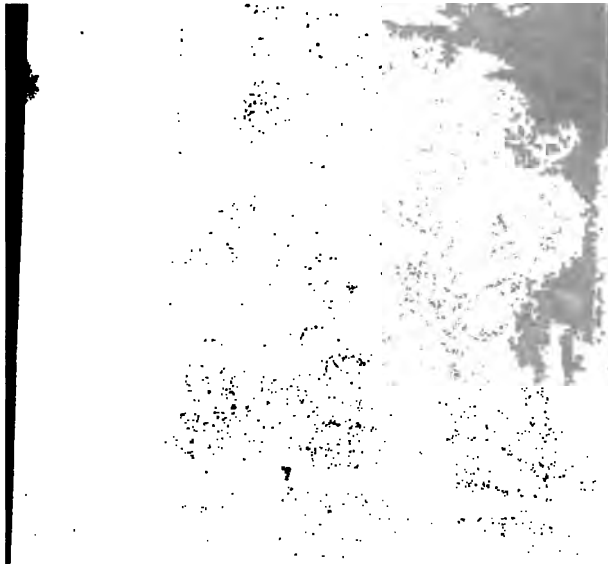
URGE me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: these times are not for songs.
The sprightly twang of the melodious lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unsuit
My untun'd * fortunes: the affected measure
Of stains, that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure.
Music's the child of mirth; where griefs assail
The troubled soul, both voice and fingers fail:
Let such as revel out their lavish days
In honourable riot; that can raise
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sp'rit
Of madness by the magic of delight;
Let those of Cupid's hospital, that lie
Impatient patients to a smiling eye,
That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile:
Let such redeem their peace, and salve the wrongs
Of froward fortune with their frolic songs:
My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorcise.
The raven's dismal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty wolves mix'd with the screech of owls,
The nine sad knolls of a dull passing bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

* *Untun'd fortunes*; i. e. sorrowful circumstances.

B. IV. *Emb.* 25.

Pſalm. 137. 4.

How ſhall we here repeat the glorious Song,
To other Lands ſuch ſacred Themes belong.



And horrid outcries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's music for these times;
These are no times to touch the merry string
Of Orpheus; no, these are no times to sing.
Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls
And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes
Of hell-black dungeons, apt* their rougher throats,
Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the sad pilgrim, that hath lost his way
In the vast desert; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild subject, or his savage king;
Rouse up his palsy-smitten sp'rits, and sing?
Can I, a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too,
Alas! where I am neither known, nor know
Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger
In this strange climate, in a land of danger?
O can my voice be pleasant, or my hand,
Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land?
How can my music relish in your ears,
That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears?
Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspel
My poor Eurydice, my soul, from hell
Of earth's misconstru'd heav'n, O then my breast
Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast
The ears of seraphims, and entertain
Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain;
A strain well-drench'd in the true Thespian well:
Till then, earth's semiquaver,† wealth, farewell.

* *Apt*; i. e. adapt, or fit.

† *Semiquaver*; a time in music.

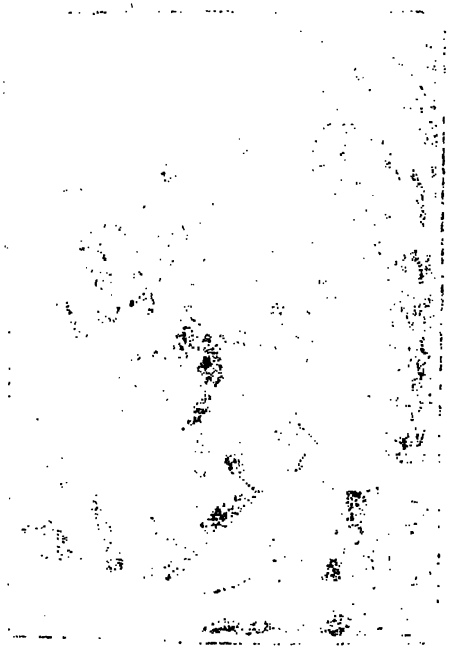
S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiii.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: but we, press'd down with this burden of flesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by faith, not face to face; but those angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? said I, these times
Were not for songs; no music for these climes?
It was my error: are not groans and tears
Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?



B.V. Emb. 1.

Johnson Sc.

Cant. 5. 8.

Daughters of Judah, who my Flame approve,
Tell my Beloved I am sick of Love.

THE

FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES v. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

1.

YOU holy virgins, that so oft surround
The city's sapphire walls; whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Jerus'lem's jasper street;
Ah! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy
My absent love, O tell him that I lie
Deep-wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye.

2.

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly music of your Lover's voice;
I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if aught more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys;
I charge you, tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart,
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.

Tell

3.

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorch'd with flames, and how my soul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie opprest
With the full torment of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest; tell him he's unkind:
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
With soft and fewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
My soul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks;
Tell him, those damask roses that did strive
With white, both fade upon my sallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks;
Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore
His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er
To speak; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more.

5.

If your elegious * breath should hap' to rouse
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse,
That for his sake would make a sport to die:
O blessed virgins, how my passion tires
Beneath the burden of her fond desires!
Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never felt such fires!

* *Elegious*; i. e. plaintive, or complaining.

S. AU.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xl.

t shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I here shall I seek him? or when shall I find him? shall I ask? who will tell my Beloved, that I am love?

GULIEL. in Cap. v. Cant.

e, but not I: it is my Beloved that liveth in me: nyself, not with my own love, but with the love of oved that loveth me: I love not myself in myself, self in him, and him in me.

EPIG. 1.

not my soul, nor let thy love wax faint:
it thou to lose the cause of thy complaint?
ome; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws:
n, thy tears complain without a cause.

II.

Canticles ii. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples;*
I am sick of love.

1.

O Tyrant love! how doth thy sov'reign pow'r
Subject poor souls to thy imperious thrall!
They say, thy cup's compos'd of sweet and sour;
They say, thy diet's honey mix'd with gall;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taste no sweet at all?
O tyrant love! shall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a sabbath to refresh awhile
Our drooping souls? art thou all frowns, and ne'[sm

2.

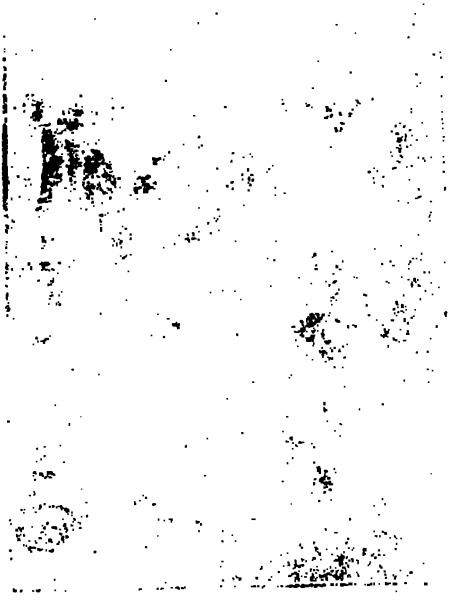
You blessed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs restore my spirits faint and spent;
O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my scent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow

* The word, in our modern bibles, is flaggons.

O'

B.V. *Emb.2.*

Cant . 2 . 6.



3.

O bring me apples to assuage that fire,
Which, Ætna-like, inflames my flaming breast;
Nor is it ev'ry apple I desire,
Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best:
'Tis not the lasting deuzan * I require:
Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening * I request:
Nor that which first beshrew'd† the name of wife,
Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4.

Virgins, tuck up your silken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of Flora's magazine;
The purple violet, and the pale-fac'd lily:
The pansy and the organ colombine;
The flow'ring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffodilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
The blushing rose, the queen of flow'rs, and best
Of Flora's beauty; but, above the rest,
Let Jesse's ‡ sov'reign flow'r perfume my qualming [breast.

5.

Haste, virgins, haste, for I lie weak, and faint
Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,
As if your silence neither car'd to graut,
Nor yet your language to deny my suit?
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I smell this flow'r, or taste that fruit.
Go, virgins, seek this tree, and search that bow'r;
O how my soul shall bless that happy hour,
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a [flow'r!

* *Deuzan, queening*; names of different sorts of apples.
† *Beshrew'd*; *i. e.* cursed.
‡ *Jessamine*; alluding to Christ, the Son of Jesse.

GISTEN. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expos. 3.

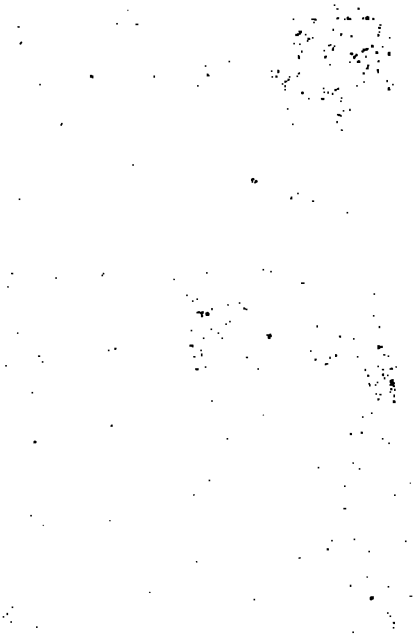
O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

S. BERN. Serm. li. in Cant.

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my soul! can they remove
The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the first offence:
That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence.



B.V. *Emb.* 3.

Cant. 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES ii. 16.

My Beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

1.

EV'N like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
nd having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
I my best beloved's am, so he is mine.

2.

v'n so we met; and, after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we join'd, we both became entire;
o need for either to renew a suit,
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine:
I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

3.

all those glitt'ring monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
ould tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes * for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
ie world's but their's: but my Beloved's mine.

* All copies read it, *fortunes*.

4.

Nay, more; if the fair Thespian ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

5.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance,* nor death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove:
He's firmly mine, by oath; I his, by vow:
He's mine, by faith; and I am his, by love:
He's mine, by water; I am his, by wine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

6.

He is mine altar; I, his holy place:
I am his guest; and he my living food:
I'm his, by penitence; he mine, by grace:
I'm his by purchase; he is mine by blood:
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

7.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:
I give him songs; he gives me length of days:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows;
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign,
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine.

* In all editions, the author's word is chance.

S. AUGUST. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

O my soul, stampt with the image of thy God, love him, of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him, that bendeth to thee; seek him that seeketh thee: love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented; begin the cause of thy love: be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chuse this friend above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my soul: what, lost and found?
Welcom'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd?
He did but climb the cross, and then came down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.

IV.

Canticles vii. 10.

I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me.

1.

LIKE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And, restless, beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets* from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

2.

Ev'n so, my soul, being hurry'd here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night:
She bows to honour, then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope; now foil'd with fear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God! she points alone to thee.

3.

But hath the virtu'd† steel a pow'r to move?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit?

* *Jets*; i. e. hops as a bird.
† *Virtu'd steel*; i. e. the mariner's needle.

O hath

B.V. *Emb.4.*

Cant.7.10.

O hath my leaden soul the art t' improve
Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire?
Not first belov'd, have I the pow'r to love;
I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me;
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4.

The still commandress of the silent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye:
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light;
If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die:
Ev'n so the beams of thy enlight'ning Spirit,
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire.
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
But if thou shroud† thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of shades.

5.

Eternal God! O thou that only art
The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part
O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start [thee;
From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

† *Shroud*; i. e. hide.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. iv.

If man can love man with so intire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that, for the extremity of love, she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety; with what affection, with what fervency, ought the soul, whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bridegroom!

EPIG. 4.

My soul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good
And easy pen'worth of thy Saviour's blood:
But be not proud; all matters rightly scann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'twas sold at second-hand.

B.V. *Emb. 5.*

Cant: 5. 6.

V.

CANTICLES v. 6.

My soul melted whilst my beloved spake.

LORD, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood
The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy ? or the strength t' unlock
The gates of heav'n, and to dissolve a rock
Of marble clouds into a morning show'r ?
Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r ?
To stop or snatch a falling thunderbolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From resolute confusion, and instead
Of vials, pour full blessings on our head ?
Or shall the wants of famish'd ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick supply ?
Or shall the silent suits of drooping flow'rs ?
Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs ?
Alas ! what marvel then, great God, what wonder,
If thy bell-rousing voice, that splits in sunder
The brasen portals of eternal death ;
What wonder if that life-restoring breath
Which drag'd me from th' infernal shades of night,
Should melt my ravish'd soul with o'er delight ?
O can my frozen gutters choose but run,
That feel the warmth of such a glorious sun ?
Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow,
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded mar-
row.

Th

Thy flames, O Cupid (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief nor fears the smart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires)
Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires ;
Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure,
That O I languish in excess of pleasure :
What ravish'd heart, that feels these melting joys,
Would not despise and load the treach'rous toys
Of dunghill earth ? what soul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd scorns, the worst that flesh and blood
Had rancour to devise ? who would not bear
The world's derision with a thankful ear ?
What palate would refuse full bowls of spite,
To gain a minute's taste of such delight ?
Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade,
But what my interposed sins have made ;
Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear ;
Disperse this plague-distilling cloud and clear
My mungy soul into a glorious day :
Transplant this screen, remove this bar away
Then, then my fluent soul shall feel the fires
Of thy sweet voice, and my dissolv'd desires
Shall turn a sov'reign balsam, to make whole
Those wounds my sins inflicted on thy soul.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxiv.

What fire is this, that so warmeth my heart? What sight is this, that so enlighteneth my soul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goeth out, kindle me: O light, which ever shineth, and art never darkened, illuminate me. O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn! how secretly dost thou shine! how desiredly dost thou inflame me!

S. BONAVENT. Stim. Amoris, Cap. viii.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a servant, a son; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My soul; thy gold is true, but full of dross;
Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some loss:
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.

VI.

PSALM lxxiii. 25.

Whom have I in heaven but thee; and what desire I on earth in respect of thee.

1.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth:
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compar'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

2.

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choirs sustain me with their flesh,
And with their Polyphonian* notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compar'd to thee?

3.

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor;† she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

* *Polyphonian*; i. e. many-sounding.

† *Purveyor*; i. e. provider.

B. V. *Emb.* 6.

Johann. Sc.

Psalm. 73. 25.

Lord, whom have I but Thee in Heav'n above!
Or who on Earth but Thee deserves my Love!

4.

To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain my eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heav'n, great God, compar'd to thee?
Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.

5.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection*
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, heav'n itself's no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n, to me?

6.

The highest honors that the world can boast
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
Its brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The proudest flames, that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compar'd to thee.

7.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares:
Wisdom but folly: joy; disquiet, sadness:
Friendship is treason; and delights are snares:
Pleasures, but pain; and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without thee Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compar'd with thee.

8.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labors got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possest of heav'n, heav'n unpossest of thee.

* *Refection*; i. e. refreshment.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess), that the bounty of thy creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these, but a small spark of divine beauty!

S. CHRYS. Hom. v. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things; because I have Christ. Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward: for he is the universal reward.

EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this dross within him; that, without him?
Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

Pfalm 120. 5.

My Lot in Mesech's dreary Land has fell,
And in the Tents of Kedar I must dwell.

VII.

Psalm cxx. 5.

Woe is me, that I remain in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS nature's course dissolv'd? doth time's glass stand?
Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand
Of fate's perpetual clock? will't never strike?
Is crazy time grown lazy, faint, or sick,
With very age? or hath that great pair-royal
Of adamantine sisters late made trial
Of some new trade? Shall mortal hearts grow old
In sorrow? Shall my weary arms infold
And underprop my panting sides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will sever
My well spun thread, that my imprison'd soul
May be deliver'd from this dull, dark hole
Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never
Be ransom'd, but remain a slave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die;
But, ere that death, how many deaths have I!
What human madness makes the world afraid
To entertain heav'n's joys because convey'd
By the hand of death? will nakedness refuse
Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce
That brought them? or will poverty send back
Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths;
Which being prick'd by death (which death deprives
One life), presents the soul a thousand lives:

O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam soul, which hath so fondly pitch'd
Upon her false delights! delights that cease
Before enjoyment finds a time to please:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears:
Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes, careful doubt,
And surly passion, joyless passion out;
To-day we pamper with a full repast
Of lavish mirth; at night we weep as fast:
To-night, we swim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We sink in want and find no friend to borrow.
In what a climate doth my soul reside!
Where pale-fac'd murder, the first born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles,
And plighted faiths, of men like crocodiles:
A land, where each embroider'd satin weed
Is lin'd with fraud; where Mars his lawless sword
Exiles Astræa's balance; where that hand
Now slays his brother, that new-sow'd his land:
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd soil! Lord, how my soul's on fire
To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain
Those long'd-for joys, long'd for so oft in vain!
If, Moses-like, I may not live possest
Of this fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

S. AU-

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

y life is a frail life ; a corruptible life; a life, which, ore it increaseth, the more it decreaseth : the further th, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, like a shadow, full of the snares of death : now I e, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now , and strait I die ; now I seem happy, always mi-le ; now I laugh ; now I weep : thus all things are bject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour e estate. O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without h there is no joy ! when shall I enter into thee, that / see my God that dwelleth in thee ?

EPIG. 7.

hou so weak ? O canst thou not digest
our of travail for a night of rest ?
up, my soul ; call home thy sp'rits, and beat
ad Good-Friday ; full-mouth'd Easter's near.

VIII.

Rom. vii. 24.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEHOLD thy darling, which thy lustful care
Pampers, for which thy restless thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often sweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe
Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake
Base earth is sainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy soul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in soft, in silken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondness feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains
Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedness; and, when most free,
Proclaims her lover slave; and, being fed
Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead.
What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded soul,
To love so fondly? can the burning coal
Of thy affection last without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer so cruel,
And thou so kind to love, unlov'd again?
Canst thou sow favors, and thus reap disdain?

Remember,

B.V. *Emb. 8.*

Rom. 7 24.

O wretched Man! thus doom'd to draw thy Breath.
Within the loathsome Body of this Death.

Remember, O remember thou art born
Of royal blood; remember, thou art sworn
A maid of honour in the court of heav'n;
Remember, what a costly price was giv'n
To ransom thee from slav'ry thou wert in:
And wilt thou now, my soul, turn slave again?
The son and heir to heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a suitor for thy love;
And offers for thy dow'r* his Father's throne,
To sit for seraphims to gaze upon;
He'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth, and things
Transcending far the majesty of kings:
And wilt thou prostrate to the odious charms
Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms
Hug thy soft sides? Shall these coarse hands untie
The sacred zone of thy virginity?
For shame, degen'rous soul, let thy desire
Be quicken'd up with more heroic fire?
Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defy
Such am'rous baseness; let thy soul disdain
Th' ignoble profers of so base a swain;
Or if thy vows be past, and Hymen's bands
Have ceremony'd your unequal hands,
Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act
With insufficiency, or precontract:
Or, if the act be good, yet may'st thou plead
A second freedom; for the flesh is dead.

* *Dower*; i. e. jointure, or portion.

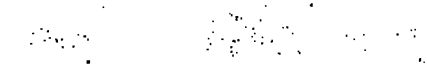
NAZIANZ. Orat. xvi.

How I am joined to this body, I know not; which, when it is healthful, provoketh me to war; and, being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief: which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy. It is a pleasant foe, and a perfidious friend. O strange conjunction and alienation! what I fear, I embrace; and what I love, I am afraid of: before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood?
Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with food?
Cost idly spend! that cost doth but prolong
Thy thraldom. Fool, thou mak'st thy gaol too strong.

PHILIP-



Phil. 1. 23.

Wishing for Christ, a dubious state is mine,
In bound to Earth, but pant for Things divine:

IX.

PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

I am in a strait between two, having a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

1.

WHAT meant our careful parents, so to wear
And lavish out their ill-extended hours,
To purchase for us large possessions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure
Such loads of needless labour, to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too
sure?

2.

What mean these liv'ries* and possessive keys?
What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?
What need these jealous, these suspicious ways,
Of law-devis'd and law-dissolv'd entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth,
as I.

3.

O were their souls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich,
They would not take such pains, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

Liveries; a law term, expressive of legal conveyance of an estate.

4.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to heav'n's long long'd-for throne,
She darkens my complaint, and drags my off'ring down.

5.

Ev'n like the hawk (whose keeper's wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock),
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank-bate* from her forsaken block;
But her too faithful leash† doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

6.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7.

Great God! I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

* *Rank-bate*; i. e. a strong spring for flight.
† *Leash*; i. e. *thong*, by which she is fastened to her stock or perch.

S. BO-

S. BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Ah! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and lt and languish with the only desire of thee; that it may ire to be dissolved, and to be with thee: let it hunger ne for the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the ing and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true asure: let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, d sweetly rest in thee.

EPIG. 9.

'hat, will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
re they too strong, or is thine arm too weak?
rt will prevail where knotty strength denies;
[y soul, there's aqua-fortis in thine eyes.

X.

Psalm cxlii. 7.

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

MY soul is like a bird; my flesh the cage,
Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With sacred wine, and sacramental bread;
The keys that lock her in, and let her out,
Are birth and death; 'twixt both, she hops about
From perch to perch, from sense to reason; then,
From higher reason, down to sense again:
From sense she climes to faith; where, for a season,
She sits and sings; then down again to reason:
From reason, back to faith; and strait from thence,
She rudely flutters to the perch of sense:
From sense, to hope; then hops from hope to doubt
From doubt, to dull despair; there seeks about
For desp'rate freedom, and, at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thrusts, and begs th' untimely date
Of th' unexpir'd thraldom, to release
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd; within this fleshly cage
I wear my youth, and waste my weary age,
Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant
Heav'n's praises forth, in sighs and sad complaint:
Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing
From shrubs to cedars, and there chirp and sing,
In choice of raptures, the harmonious story
Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory.

B. V. *Emb. 10.*

Pſalm 142. 7.

Lord, free my Captive Soul, and then thy Praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my joyful Days.

You glorious martyrs, you illustrious troops,
That once were cloister'd in your fleshly coops
As fast as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues?
What dextrous art had your elegiac songs?
What Paul-like pow'r had your admir'd devotion!
What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion
To your strong pray'r, that could obtain the boon *
To be enlarg'd; to be uncag'd so soon!
Whilst I, poor I, can sing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears:
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That, with your heav'n-prevailing oratory,
Releas'd your souls from your terrestrial cage,
Permit the passion of my holy rage
To recommend my sorrows dearly, known
To you, in days of old, and once your own,
To your best thoughts (but oh, 't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs; you love joy, not pity):
Great Lord of souls, to whom should pris'ners fly,
But thee? thou hadst a cage as well as I;
And, for my sake, thy pleasure was to know
The sorrows that it brought, and felt'st them too:
O set me free, and I will spend those days,
Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

* *Boon*; i. e. the desired favour.

ANSELM. in Prolog. Cap. I.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? He hath lost happiness, for which he was made; and found misery, for which he was not made. What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy: that thing is left, by which he is miserable. O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? From our home, into banishment; from the sight of God into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality, to the bitterness of death. Miserable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! Ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd; his music's thunder
Unhing'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder:
And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the feeble wing?
And whin'st to be enlarg'd? Soul, learn to sing.

B.V. Emb. 2.

Pſalm 42. 1.

Evit as the Hart the cooling Streams desires,
So to the Lord of Life my Soul aspires.

XI.

Psalm xlii. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

1.

HOW shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire
Which heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart?
What muse shall I invoke, that will inspire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part?
What art shall I devise, t' express desire
Too intricate to be express'd by art?
Let all the Nine be silent; I refuse
Their aid in this high task; for they abuse
The flames of love too much: assist me, David's muse.

2.

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs,
To quicken and refresh her embryon grain;*
Nor as the drooping crests of fading flow'rs
Request the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I desire, my God: These, in few hours,
Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;
But as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To th' much desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

* *Embryon grain*; i. e. seed in the earth not come up.

Before

3.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lusts I flee;
Oh, they have singled out my panting heart:
And wanton Cupid, sitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my bosom with a flaming dart;
My soul, being spent, for refuge seeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou, my refuge, art:
Like as the swift-foot hart doth wounded fly
To the desired streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

4.

At length, by flight, I overwent the pack;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound,
The blood that follow'd left a purple track,
Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound;
We strove, he bit me; but thou break'st his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground:
But as the serpent-bitten hart doth fly
To the long long'd-for streams, ev'n so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

5.

If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright,
Thou art the stream whereto my soul is bound:
Or if a jav'lin wound my sides in flight,
Thou art the balsam that must cure my wound:
If poison chance t' infest my soul in fight,
Thou art the treacle that must make me sound:
Ev'n as the wounded hart, embost,* doth fly
To th' streams extremely long'd for, so do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

* *Embost*; i. e. wearied to a foaming; a term of hunters.

S. CYRIL. Lib. v. in Joh. Cap. x.

O precious water! which quencheth the noisome thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xxxv.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! Lord, I thirst; thou art the spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow-smitten hart, deep-wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satan's firy dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded heart.

XII.

Psalm xlii. 2.

When shall I come and appear before God?

WHAT is my soul the better, to be tin'd*
With holy fire? what boots† it to be coin'd
W'th heav'n's own stamp? what 'vantage‡ can there be
To souls of heav'n-descended pedigree,
More than to beasts that grovel? are not they
Fed by th' Almighty's hand? and ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his blessings too? Do they not see
God in his creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taste thee? hear thee? nay, what sense
Is not partaker of thine excellence?
What more do we? alas! what serves our reason,
But, like dark lanterns, to accomplish treason
With greater closeness? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our purblind sight:
No pleasure rises up the least degree,
Great God! but in the clearer view of thee:
What priv'lege more than sense, hath reason, then?
What 'vantage is it to be born a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word!
How often hath thy hope-reviving grace
Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face!
How often have I sought thee! O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain!
In vain I seek thee, and I beg in vain:

* *Tined*; i. e. lighted up.
† *Boots*; i. e profits.
‡ *'Vantage*; i. e. advantage.

B.V. *Emb.* 12.

Pſalm 42. 2.

Tis to my God, my Soul would fain draw near:
Lord in thy Preſence when ſhall I appear.

e high presumption to behold
face, why didst thou make mine eyes so bold
ek it ? If that object be too bright
nan's aspect, why did thy lips invite
eye t' expect it ? If it might be seen,
is this envious curtain drawn between
arken'd eye and it ? O tell me, why
dost command the thing thou dost deny ?
dost thou give me so unpriz'd a treasure,
then deny'st my greedy soul the pleasure
ew my gift ? Alas ! that gift is void,
is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd :
se refulgent beams of heav'n's great light
not the day, what is the day but night ?
lrowsy shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade ;
irds are sullen, and the beast is sad :
f bright Titan dart his golden ray,
with his riches glorify the day,
olly shepherd pipes ; flow'rs freshly spring ;
easts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing.
art my sun, great God ! O when shall I
the full beams of thy meridian eye ?
, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies
racious presence of thy glorious eyes ;
ve me faith ; and, by the eye of grace,
l behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. xxxix.

Who created all things, is better than all things: who beautified all things, is more beautiful than all things: who made strength, is stronger than all things: who made great things, is greater than all things: whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee: learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature. Let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thyself was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name?

EPIG. 12.

How art thou shaded, in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain flesh! Thou seest no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge as her own;
Thy flesh is high: soul, take this curtain down.

B.V. Emb. 13

Pfalm. 55.6.

O that I had the Pinions of a Dove!
Then would I seek the Realms of Peace and

XIII.

PSALM lv. 6.

O that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest.

1.

AND am I sworn a dunghill-slave for ever
To earth's base drudg'ry? Shall I never find
A night of rest? Shall my indentures never
Be cancell'd? Did injurious nature bind
My soul earth's prentice, with no clause to leave her?
No day of freedom? Must I for ever grind?
O that I had the pinions of a dove,
That I might quit my bands, and soar above,
And pour my just complaints before the great JEHOVE!

2.

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r,
Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r
Above the scent of these inferior things!
How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and sings!
Had my dull soul but wings as well as they,
How I would spring from earth, and clip* away,
As wise Astræa did, and scorn this ball of clay!

* *Clip*; i. e. fly swiftly.

3.

O how my soul would spurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!
O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure!
O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
To catch a blast, or own a smile from Cæsar!
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove,
How I would soar and sing, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4.

There should I find that everlasting pleasure,
Which change removes not, and which chance p
There should I find that everlasting treasure [vents n
Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments* n
There should I find that everlasting Cæsar,
Whose hand recals not, and whose heart repents n
Had I the pinions of a cliping dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the l
Of transitory toys, and joy in things above!

5.

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence,
Or blast our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-scalding lust shall there incense
Our boiling veins; there is no Cupid's bow:
Lord, give my soul the milk-white innocence
Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would quit this earth, and soar above,
And heav'n's blest kingdoms find, with heav'n's bles
[King JEHOV

* *Disaugments*; i. e. wasteth.

S. A

S. AUGUST. in Psal cxxxviii.

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain those wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face; from the face of thy justice, to the face of thy mercy: let me find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.

S. AUGUST. in Psal. lxxvi.

Let us cast off whatsoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which satisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are.

EPIG. 13.

Tell me my wishing soul, didst ever try
How fast the wings of red-cross'd faith can fly?
Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove;
Faith's wings are swifter; but the swiftest, love.

XIV.

Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

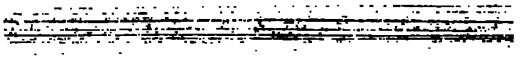
How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of hosts!

ANCIENT of days, to whom all things are now,
Before whose glory seraphims do bow
Their blushing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit
Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts!
Whose glory to paint forth with greater art,
Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart;
Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me
For shewing sense, what faith alone should see.
Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more
Of angel-measur'd leagues, from th' eastern shore
Of dungeon earth, his glorious palace stands,
Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands
Of armed angels wait to entertain
Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was slain;
Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding
Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building;
The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt,
To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built;
And what drop'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor:
The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew chrysolytes, whereof her walls were made:

B.V. *Emb. 2.*

Pſalm 84. 1.

How bright, how glorious, how divinely fair
O Lord of Hosts, thy heavenly Mantions are!



lder glances sparkled on the ground,
ɔundsil'd ev'ry door with diamond ;
ng, darted upwards, and did fix
ement of purest sardonyx.
eets with burnish'd gold are pavéd round :
e like pebbles scatter'd on the ground :
ıix'd with onyx, and the jasper stone,
ravell'd causeways to be trampled on.
hines no sun by day, no moon by night;
ace glory is, the palace light ;
s no time to measure motion by,
time is swallow'd in eternity :
outh'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust,
y-fac'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd distrust,
iling rage, and trouble-state sedition,
ldy doubt, and goggle-ey'd suspicion,
npish sorrow, and degen'rous fear,
ıish'd thence, and death's a stranger there :
ple love, and sempiternal joys
sweetness neither gluts, nor fullness cloys;
face to face our ravish'd eye shall see
:LOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
ree in One, and seeing him shall bless him,
ssing, love him ; and in love possess him,
y, my soul, and, ravish'd in relation,
ɔrds being spent, spend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Psal. vii. pœnitent.

Sweet Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city, where day is eternal; where there is certain security, and secure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness; and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light, without darkness; joy without grief; desire, without punishment; love without sadness: satiety, without loathing; safety, without fear; health, without disease; and life, without death.

EPIG. 14.

My soul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of Sol's bright face is seen by the reflexion:
But would'st thou know what's heav'n? I'll tell thee what:
Think what thou canst not think, and heav'n is that.

B.V. Revel. 25.

Johnson Sc:

Cant: 8. 14.

Haste then my Love, be like the bounding Roe,
Over the fragrant Hills were Spices grow.

XV.

CANTICLES viii. 14.

Make haste, my beloved, and be like the roe, or the young hart upon the mountains of spices.

GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My soul too deep; thy flames are too, too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits fry
I'th'torrid zone of thy meridian eye:
Away, away, thy sweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming:
Haste hence, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.

But wilt thou leave me, then? O thou, that art
Life of my soul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies?
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd? so apt to hear
The frantic language of my foolish fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thine eyes o'ercome me.

O how they wound! but how my wounds content me!
How sweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How am I tortur'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel treasure*!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
I languish with these bitter-sweet extremes:
Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo
The flying roebuck, and his frighted roe.

* *Treasure*; read pleasure.

Turn

Turn back, my dear; O let my ravish'd eye
Once more behold thy face, before thou fly;
What, shall we part without a mutual kiss?
O who can leave so sweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my soul desires
To turn a holy martyr in those fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.

If thou becloud the sunshine of thine eye,
I freeze to death; and if it shine, I fry;
Which, like a fever, that my soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.
Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his flying roe.

But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a distance makes another death:
My youth is in her spring; autumnal vows
Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse;
When after-times have burnish'd my desire,
I'll shoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.

Anton

Autor Scalæ Paradisi, Tom iv. Aug. Cap. viii.

Fear not, O bride, nor despair; think not thyself contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence, and his presence, thou gainest light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee consolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: he cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and, being absent, to be more desired; and, being desired, to be more earnestly sought, and, being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

EPIG. 15.

My soul, sin's monster, whom with greater ease,
Ten thousand fold, thy God could make than please,
What wouldst thou have? Nor pleas'd with sun, nor shade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

THE

FAREWELL.

Rev. ii. 10.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

1.

BE faithful; Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'Tis easy to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy scorn hath spit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For these foul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe that he, whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed sins have nail'd,
Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms),
And made supply where thou hast fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strange for man's belief.

2.

Believe that he, whose side
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, dy'd

To

To him that conquers shall the Crown be giv'n;

Be faithful while this mortal Life remains,

And Crowns eternal shall reward thy Pains

Fide sque coronat ad Aras.

Faith at the Alter crowns, and leads to Heav'n.

To save thy guilty soul from dying
Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no 'scape, there was no flying,
But through his dearest blood's expence:
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak desires,
And, for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too vast to comprehend.

3.

With floods of tears baptize
And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;
Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belief,
And break this fleshy rock in sunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May spring a heav'n of love and wonder:
O if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refresh my grief:
Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchsafe
To drop for every drop an epitaph.

4.

But is the crown of glory
The wages of a lamentable story?
Or can so great a purchase rise
From a salt humour? Can mine eyes
Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?
If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou must do:
Alas! I cannot; then endeavour:
I will: but will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? Thou must persever:*

* *Persever*; i. e. hold on.

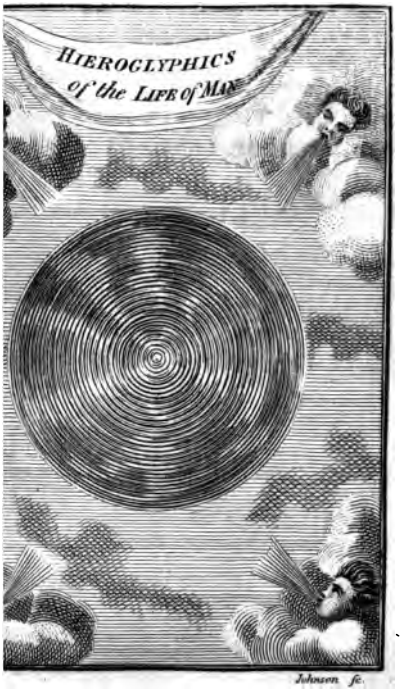
I'll

I'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife
Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

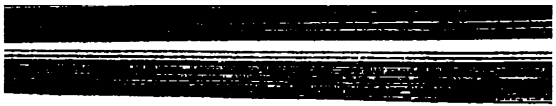
5.

But is there such a dearth,
That thou must buy what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of dust,
And give him breath, upon condition
To love his great Creator; must
He now be thine by composition?
Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or headstrong man rebellious, rather?
O, man's a base rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious father.
The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife:
Thou giv'st us faith; and faith a crown of life.

END OF PART I.



ble's man: hope, fear, false joy and trouble,
four winds which daily toss this bubble.



HIEROGLYPHICS

OF

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

BOTH IN BLOOD AND VIRTUE,

AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED LADY,

MARY,

COUNTESS OF DORSET,

LADY GOVERNESS TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

CHARLES,

PRINCE OF GREAT-BRITAIN,

AND

JAMES,

DUKE OF YORK.

EXCELLENT LADY,

I Present these tapers to burn under the safe protection of your honourable name; where, I presume, they stand secure from the damps of ignorance, and blasts of censure. It is a small part of that abundant service which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your acceptance, which shall be nothing but what your own esteem shall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most humble Servant,

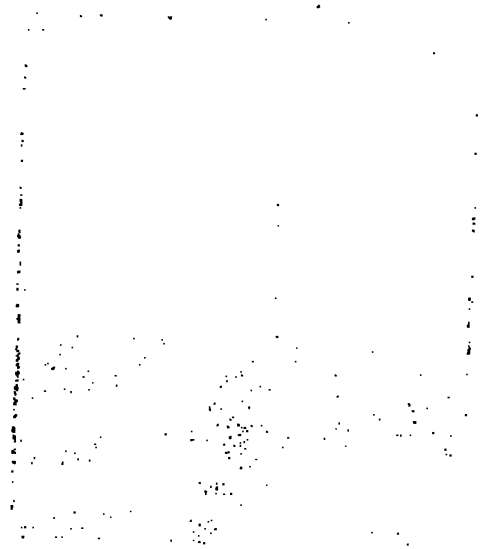
FRANCIS QUARLES.

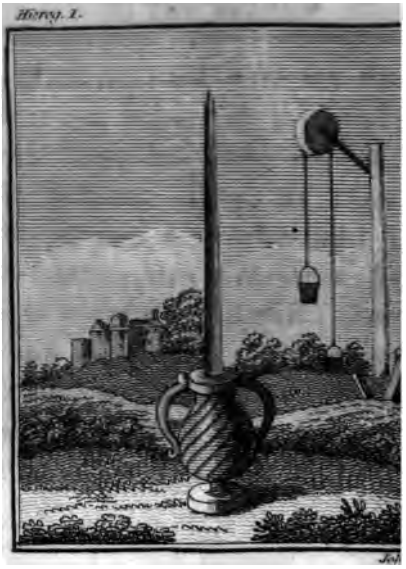
TO THE READER.

IF you are satisfied with my EMBLEMS, I here set before you a second service. It is an Ægyptian dish, dressed on the English fashion. They, at their feasts, used to present a death's-head at their second course; this will serve for both. You need not fear a surfeit: here is but little, and that light of digestion: if it but please your palate, I question not your stomach. Fall to, and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E.B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.





Sine Lumine inane.

How canst thou thus be useful to the
What is the Taper not indu'd with L

PSALM li. 5.

Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.

MAN is man's A. B. C. There's none that can
Read God aright, unless he first spell man:
Man is the stairs, whereby his knowledge climbs
To his Creator, though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and sometimes slips
Through unadvised haste; and when at length
His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength
Oft fails to stand; his giddy brains turn round,
And Phætop-like, falls headlong to the ground:
These stairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a stranger
To this blind way: the lamp of nature lends
But a false light, and lights to her own ends.
These be the ways to heav'n, these paths require
A light that springs from that diviner fire,
Whose human-soul-enlight'ning sun-beams dart
Thro' the bright cranies* of th' immortal part.
And here thou great original of light,
Whose error-chasing beams do unbenight†
The very soul of darkness, and untwist
The clouds of ignorance; do thou assist
My feeble quill: reflect thy sacred rays
Upon these lines, that they may light the ways
That lead to thee: so guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others understand.
Let my heart practise what my hand shall write;
Till then, I am as a taper wanting light.

* *Cranies*: i. e. little cracks. † *Unbenight*; i. e. remove the gloom, or make day.

This golden precept, "Know thyself," came down
From heav'n's high court: it was an art unknown
To flesh and blood. The men of nature took
Great journies in it; their dim eyes did look
But thro' the mist; like pilgrims, they did spend
Their idle steps, but knew no journey's end.
The way to know thyself, is first to cast*
Thy frail beginning, progress, and thy last:
This is the sum of man; but now return,
And view this taper standing in this urn.
Behold her substance sordid and impure,
Useless and vain, (wanting light) obsure:
'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last
Beyond that span; ordain'd and made to waste;
Ev'n such was man (before his soul gave light
To this vile substance) a mere child of night;
Ere he had life, estated † in his urn,
And mark'd for death; by nature born to burn:
Thus lifeless, lightless, worthless, first began
That glorious, that presumptuous thing, call'd man.

* *Cast*; i. e. contemplate † *Estated*; i. e. fixed or placed the urn or candlestick, the body.

S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: thou wert made of an impure substance, cloathed and nourished in thy mother's blood.

EPIG. 1.

Forbear, fond taper: what thou seek'st, is fire:
Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire,
Thy wants are far more safe than their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.

Gen. i. 3.

And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

1.

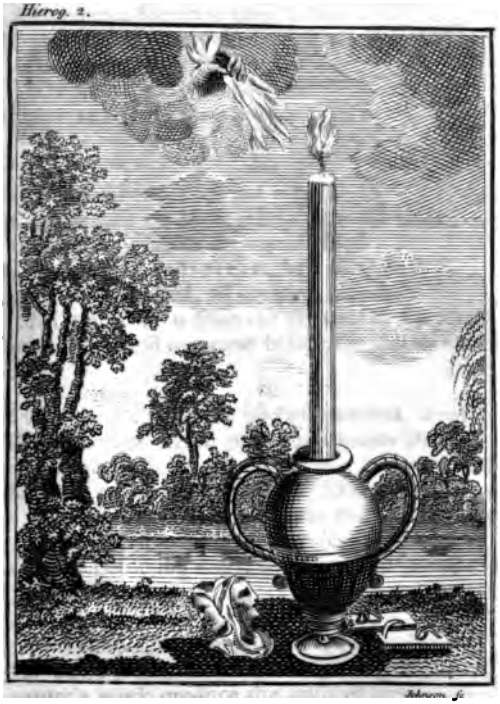
THIS flame-expecting taper hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no strength;
Apt to be puff'd and quench'd at ev'ry turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This snuff with flame: but mark, this hand doth
Itself from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

2.

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finish'd organs, now possest
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast;
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

3.

Was it a parcel of celestial fire,
Infus'd by heav'n into this fleshly mould?
Or was it (think you) made a soul intire?
Then, was it new created? or of old?
Or is't a propagated spark, rak'd out
From nature's embers? While we go about
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.



Nescius unde.

At length thou seest it catch the living Flame,
But knowst not whence the Emanation came.

4.

…it be part of that celestial flame,
…It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot,
…s that eternal fountain whence it came :
If pure and spotless, then whence came the blot * ?
Itself being pure, could not itself defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to soil
…er pure and active form, as jars corrupt their oil.

5.

…r if it were created tell me when :
If in the first six days, where kept till now ?
…r if thy soul were new-created, then
Heav'n did not all, at first, he had to do :
Six days expired, all creation ceas'd ;
All kinds, ev'n from the greatest to the least,
Were finish'd and complete before the day of rest.

6.

…ut why should man, the lord of creatures, want
That privilege which plants and beasts obtain ?
…easts bring forth beasts, the plant a perfect plant,
And ev'ry like brings forth her like again ;
Shall fowls and fishes, beasts and plants convey
Life to their issue, and man less than they ?
…hall these get living souls, and man dead lumps of clay ?

7.

Must human souls be generated, then ?
My water ebbs ; behold a rock is nigh :
…f nature's work produce the souls of men,
Man's soul is mortal : all that's born must die.
What shall we then conclude ? what sunshine will
Disperse this gloomy cloud ? till then be still,
My vainly-striving thoughts ; lie down, my puzzled
[quill.

* *Blot* ? i. e. original depravity.

ISIDOR

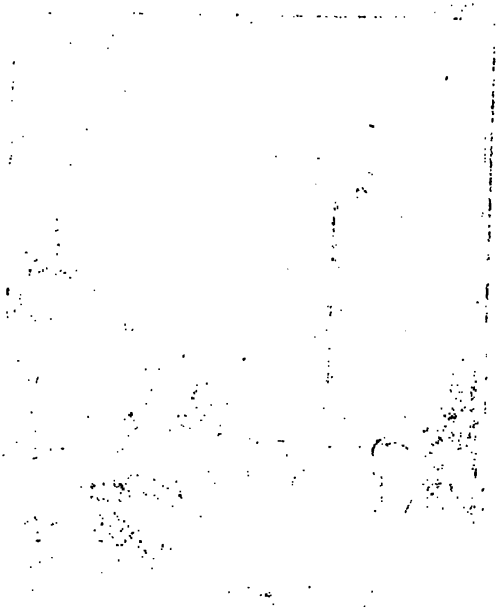
ISIDOR.

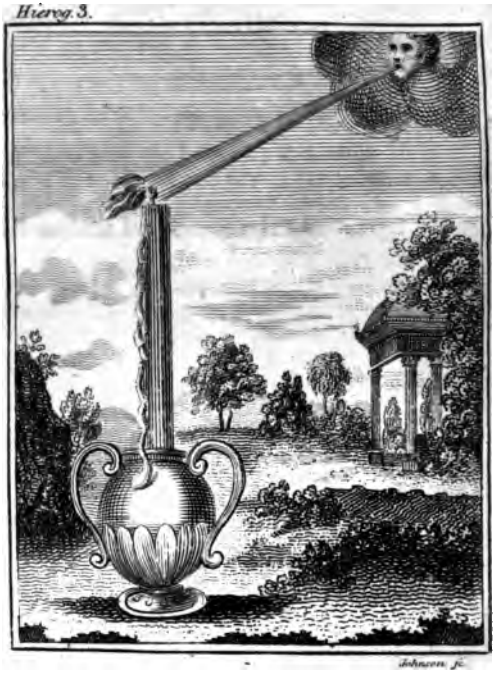
Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height of the stars, or the depth of the sea; enter into thine own soul, and wonder there.

Thy soul by creation, is infused; by infusion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'st not how, nor when, nor whence it came!
Poor kind of happiness! that can return
No more account but this, to say, I burn.





Quo me cunque trapit.

My feeble Light is thus toss'd to and fro,
The Sport of all the envious Winds that blow.

PSALM ciii. 16.

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone.

1.

O sooner is this lighted taper set
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedark'ning night,
is strait subjected to the threat
envious winds, whose wasteful rage
Disturbs her peaceful light, [less bright.
makes her substance waste, and makes her flames

2.

ooner are we born, no sooner come
take possession of this vast,
This soul-afflicting earth,
anger meets us at the very womb;
d sorrow with her full-mouth'd blast,
alutes our painful birth,
t out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3.

nfant innocence, nor childish tears
r youthful wit, nor manly pow'r,
Vor politic old age,
irgin's pleading, nor the widow's pray'rs,
lowly cell, nor lofty tow'r,
Vor prince, nor peer, nor page,
scape* this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

* *Scape*; i. e. escape or avoid.

Our

4.

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts,
And ev'ry blast brings forth a fear;
And ev'ry fear a death;
The more it lengthens, ah! the more it wastes:
Were, were we to continue here
The days of long-liv'd Seth,
Our sorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5.

Toss'd to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With ev'ry puff, with ev'ry tide
Of life-consuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heav'n,
Is still disturb'd, and turn'd aside;
And ev'ry blast of air
Commits such waste in man, as man cannot repair.

6.

W'are all born debtors, and we firmly stand
Oblig'd for our first parents' debt,
Besides our interest;
Alas! we have no harmless* counterbond:
And we are ev'ry hour beset
With threat'nings of arrest,
And, till we pay the debt, we can expect no rest.

7.

What may this sorrow-shaken life present,
To the false relish of our taste,
That's worth the name of sweet?
Her minute's pleasure's choak'd with discontent,
Her glory soil'd with ev'ry blast;
How many dangers meet
Poor man between the biggin† and the winding-shee

* *Harmless*; i. e. indemnifying. † *Biggin*; i. e. the infant's dress.

S. AUGUST.

In the world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing world? how wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?

EPIG. 3.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head: the taper, lifted high,
Will brook the wind; when lower tapers die.

MATTHEW ix. 12.

The whole need not the physician.

1.

ALWAYS pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightness still obscur'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping?
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a waste;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

2.

You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over-caring:
Nature, meeting with her foe,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

3.

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor;
Cannot stoop to art's correction,
And she scorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy art should not appear,
Till she whisper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if Sarah bear.

4.

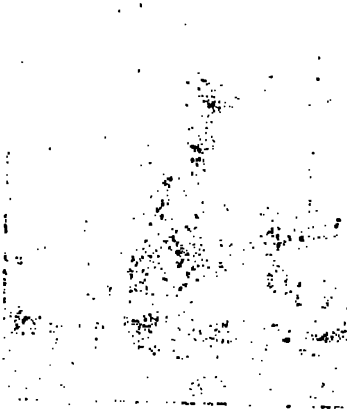
Nature worketh for the better,
If not hinder'd that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seize
(Nature foil'd with the disease),
Art may help her if she please.

But

Hieron: 4.

Curando labascit.

The Flame by trimming burns more bright & fast;
But often trimming makes the Taper waste



5.

to make a trade of trying,
rugs and doses, always pruning,
o die for fear of dying;
le's untun'd, that's always tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack
To foil the man, and feed the quack.

6

ıe sad, the frail condition
f the pride of nature's glory!
v infirm his composition,
nd, at best, how transitory!
When this riot doth impair
Nature's weakness, then his care
Adds more ruin by repair.

7.

d thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
ife, perchance, may burn the stronger:
ing substance to sustain her,
he, untouch'd, may last the longer:
When the artist goes about
To redress her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he snuffs it out.

NICOCLES.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

EPIG. 4.

My purse being heavy, if my light appear
But dim, quack comes to make all clear;
Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold to give us light.

Te auxiliante, refurgo.

The Winds with all their Breath may blow, in vain,
For by thy help I am revivd again.

PSALM xci. 11.

And he will give his angels charge over thee.

1.

O HOW mine eyes could please themselves, and [spend
Perpetual ages in this precious sight!
How I could woo eternity, to lend
My wasting day, an antidote for night!
And how my flesh could with my flesh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my taper spends too fast:
'Tis all I have, and soon would out or waste,
Did not this blessed screen protect it from this blast.

2.

O, I have lost the jewel of my soul,
And I must find it out, or I must die:
Alas! my sin-made darkness doth controul
The bright endeavor of my careful eye:
I must go search and ransack ev'ry hole;
Nor have I other light to seek it by:
O if this light be spent, my work not done,
My labor's worse than lost; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3.

You blessed angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleased to fancy such a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And stoop to earth, vouchsafing to employ
Your care to guard the dust that lies before ye?
Disdain you not these lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not disdain, and send you griev'd away?

This

4.

This taper of our lives, that once was plac'd
In the fair suburbs of eternity,
Is now, alas! confin'd to ev'ry blast;
And turn'd a maypole for the sporting fly;
And will you, sacred spirits, please to cast
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
How had this slender inch of taper been
Blasted and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly screen
Curb'd the proud blast, and timely stepp'd between!

5.

O goodness, far transcending the report
Of lavish tongues! too vast to comprehend!
Amazing quill, how far dost thou come short
T' express expressions that so far transcend!
You blessed courtiers of th' eternal court,
Whose full-mouth'd hallelujahs have no end,
Receive that world of praises that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our hosanna's mix'd with your seraphic songs.

S. BERN.

*desirest the help of angels, fly the comforts of the
l resist the temptations of the devil.
give his angels charge over thee. O what reve-
hat love, what confidence, deserveth so sweet a
For their presence, reverence; for their goodwill,
their tuition, confidence.*

EPIG. 5.

', art thou disturb'd, diseas'd, and driv'n
with storms of grief? point thou to heav'n:
l there shall ease thee more alone,
ice as many thousands of thy own.

ECCLESIASTES iii. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

1.

TIME. DEATH.

Time. BEHOLD the frailty of this slender snuff;
Alas! it hath not long to last;
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakness knows the way to waste:
Nature hath made her substance apt enough
To spend itself, and spend too fast:
It needs the help of none,
That is so prone
To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

2.

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow-pac'd sand;
Thine idle minutes make no way:
Thy glass exceeds her hour, or else doth stand;
I cannot hold, I cannot stay.
Surcease* thy pleading, and enlarge my hand;
I surfeit with too long delay:
This brisk, this bold-fac'd light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkest night.

3.

Time. Great prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand;
Thy captive's fast, and cannot flee:
What arm can rescue, who can countermand?
What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free?
Or if they could, what close, what foreign land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?

* Surcease; i. e. forbear.

Bvt.

6.

Tempus erit.

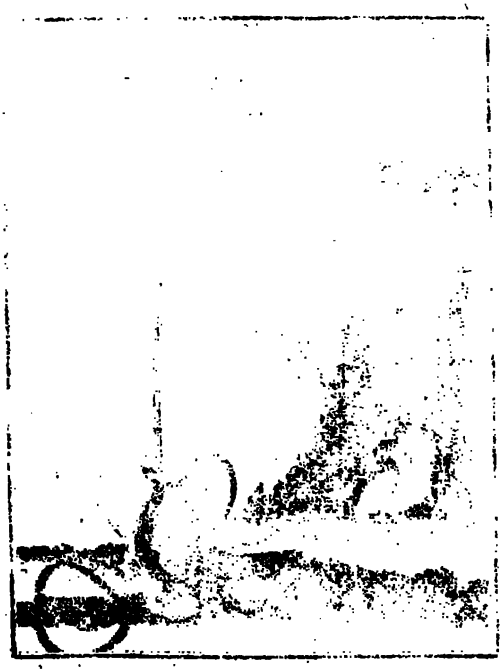
ne shall come when all must yield their Breath:
en. Time checks th'uplifted Hand of Death.

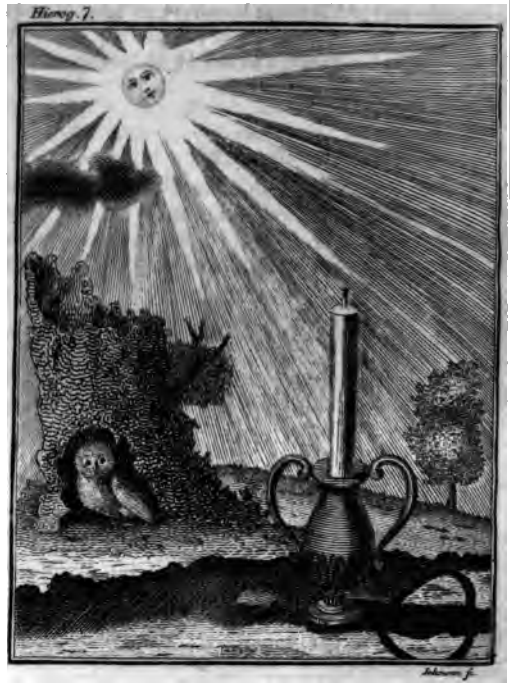
S. AUGUST.

Thou knowest not what time he will come: wait always, that because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou mayest be prepared against the time he cometh. And for this, perchance, thou knowest not the time, because thou mayest be prepared against all times.

EPIG. 6.

Expect, but fear not death: death cannot kill,
Till time (that first must seal her patent) will:
Would'st thou live long? keep time in high esteem;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recal, redeem.





Nec sine, nec Tecum.

Nor with Thee, nor without Thee, is she bright;
For thy fierce Rays put out her feeble Light.

JOB xviii. 6.

is light shall be dark, and his candle shall be put out.

1.

VHAT ails our taper? is her lustre fled,
Or foil'd? What dire disaster bred
is change, that thus she veils her golden head?

2.

vas but very now she shin'd as fair
Venus' star; her glory might compare
th Cynthia, burnish'd with her brother's hair.

3.

ere was no cave-begotten damp that mought
use her beams; no wind that went about
break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4.

t up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spy
cause will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
bjects must veil, when as their sov'reign's by.

5.

nst thou behold bright Phœbus, and thy sight
) whit impair'd? the object is too bright;
e weaker yields unto the stronger light.

6.

eat God, I am thy taper, thou my sun;
om thee, the spring of light, my light begun;
t if thy light but shine, my light is done.

7.

thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine:
thine appear, how poor a light is mine!
y *light is darkness*, if compar'd to thine.

Thy

8.

Thy sun beams are too strong for my weak eye!
If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
Ah! who can see thy visage, and not die!

9.

If interveping earth should make a night,
My wanton flame would then shine forth too bright;
My earth would ev'n presume t' eclipse thy light.

10.

And if thy light be shadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
I should be cloathed with a double shade.

11.

What shall I do? O what shall I desire?
What help can my distracted thoughts require,
That thus am wasted 'twixt a double fire?

12.

In what a strait, in what a strait am I!
'Twixt two extremes, how my rack'd fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or see it not, I die,

13.

O let the steams of my Redeemer's blood,
That breathes from my sick soul, be made a cloud,
To interpose these lights, and be my shroud.

14.

Lord, what am I! or what's the light I have!
May it but light my ashes to their grave,
And so from thence to thee; 'tis all I crave.

15.

O make my light, that all the world may see
Thy glory by 't: if not, it seems to me
Honor enough to be put out by thee.

) light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is :r darkness; so reflect upon my weakness, that all the ·ld may behold thy strength! O majesty incompre- sible, in respect of which, my glory is mere shame: hine upon my misery, that all the world may behold glory!

EPIG. 7.

lt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n
all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with heav'n?
ı thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
ɛe heed: I fear, thou art a child of night.

MATTHEW v. 16.

Let your light so shine, that men, seeing your good work, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.

1

WAS it for this, the breath of heav'n was blown
Into the nostrils of this heav'nly creature?
Was it for this, that sacred Three in One
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of nature?
Did heav'nly Prov'dence intend
So rare a fabric for so poor an end?

2.

Was man, the highest master-piece of nature,
The curious abstract of the whole creation,
Whose soul was copy'd from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this? to spend his light
In a dark lantern, cloister'd up in night?

3.

Tell me, recluse monastic, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapers may gain light from thee:
Is thy light less or worse for light'ning mine?
If wanting light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

4.

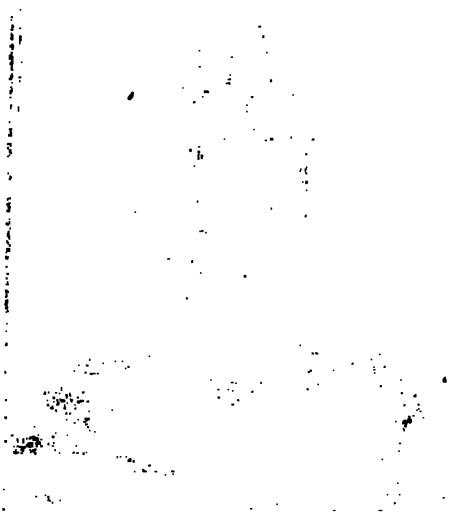
Why dost thou lurk so close? Is it for fear
Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,
And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or, being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come, fond taper, shine but clear,
Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

Remem-

Hierog. 8.

Nec Virtus obſcura petit.

Virtue can neer in this dark Shade delight:
Poor is that Worth which hides its useful Light.



5.

Remember, O remember, thou wert set
For men to see the great Creator by;
Thy flame is not thine own; it is a debt
Thou ow'st thy Master. And wilt thou deny
To pay the int'rest of thy light?
And skulk in corners, and play least in sight?

6.

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy flame
To the injurious waste of fortune's puff?
Ah! coward, rouse, and quit thyself for shame:
Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough:
Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

7.

Make not thyself a pris'ner, that art free:
Why dost thou turn thy palace to a jail?
Thou art an eagle: and befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyster'd snail?
Let toys see corners; things of cost
Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but lost.

8.

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
Increase her flame, and give her strength to shine:
'Tis frail at best; 'tis dim enough at brightest;
But 'tis his* glory to be foil'd by thine:
Let others lurk: my light shall be
Propos'd to all men; and by them to thee.

* *His;* read its.

S. BERN

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee; if thou be one of the wise virgins thou art necessary for the congregation.

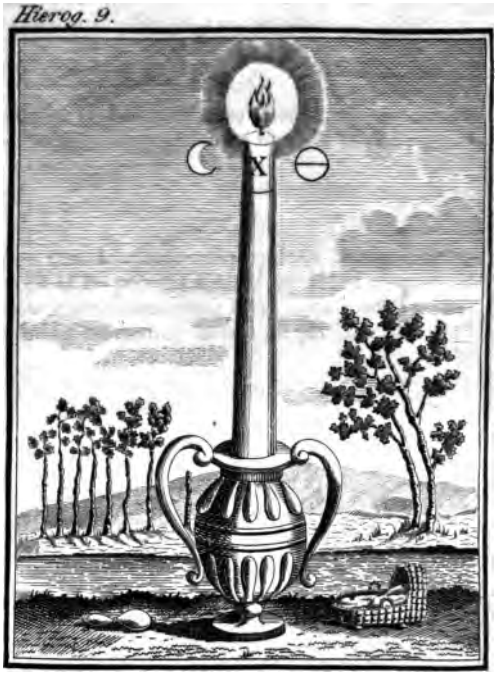
HUGO.

Monastics make cloysters to inclose the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man!

EPIG. 8.

Afraid of eyes? what, still play least in sight?
'Tis much to be presum'd all is not right:
Too close endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, monastic; here's no parliaments.

Hierog. 9.



Ut Luna, Infantia torpet.
Cold, like the Moon, are these thy Infant Days:
But Phœbus soon shall warm thee with his Rays.

JOB xiv. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.

1.

Behold,
How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man;
In those well temper'd days! his time was then
rvey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

2.

Alas!
And what is that!
They come, and slide, and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
eir seven short stages o'er, their short-liv'd task is done.

3.

Our days
Begun we lend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end:
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give
unrecover'd loss: we rather breathe than live.

4.

We spend
A ten years breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death:
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys,
hich please our sense awhile, and, waking prove but
[toys.

How

5.

How vain,
How wretched, is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short, at longest; few at most:
They are but bad, at best; yet lavish'd out, or l

6.

They be
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagles' wings:
Our life's a clock, and ev'ry gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till TIME shall stril
[de

7.

How soon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon!
And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blas
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so

8.

They end
When scarce begun;
And, ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days; and, if they fly too fas
For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'ry day th

· *infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in*
ich time, what differ we from beasts, but by a pos-
of reason, and a necessity of sin!
isery of mankind, in whom no sooner the image of
ppeareth in the act of his reason, but the devil blurs
e corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

was the seventh part of thy few days
im'd in grief, in food, in toyish plays:
'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
w thy loss, and weep them o'er again.

JOB xx. 11.

His bones are full of the sin of his youth.

1.

THE swift-wing'd post of Time hath now begun
His second stage;
The dawning of our age
Is lost and spent without a sun;
The light of reason did not yet appear
Within th' horizon of this hemisphere.

2.

The infant will had yet no other guide
But twilight sense;
And what is gain'd from thence,
But doubtful steps that tread aside!
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

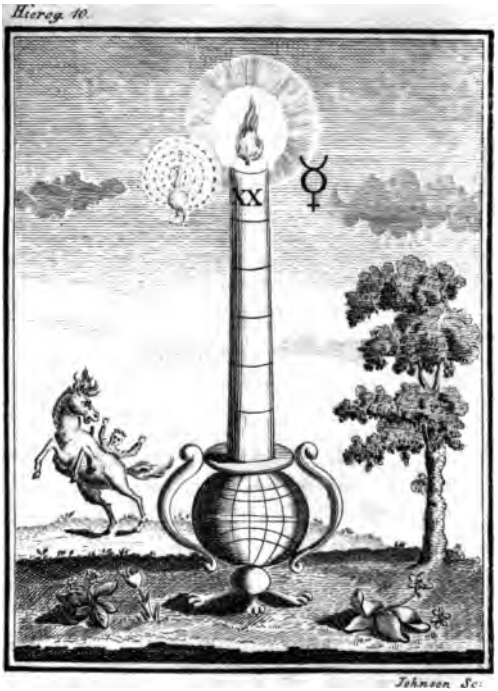
3.

Youth's now disclosing buds peep out, and shew
Her April head;
And from her grass-green bed,
Her virgin primrose early blows;
Whilst waking Philomel prepares to sing
Her warbling sonnets to the wanton spring.

4.

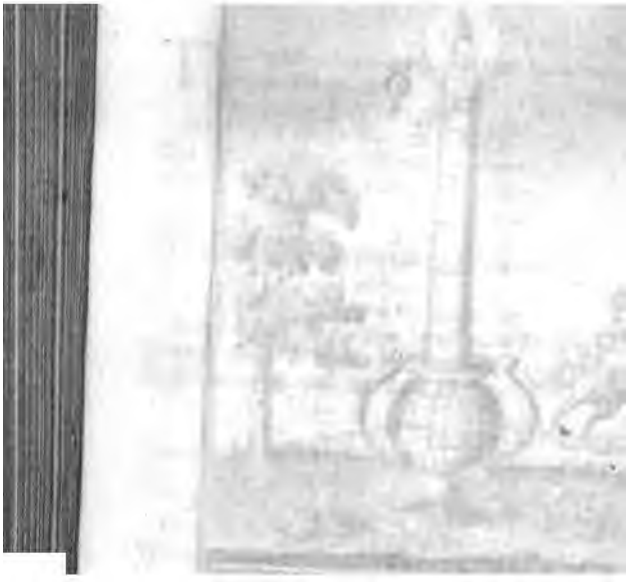
His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strew'd with flow'rs;
The days appear but hours,
Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
Her griefs do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

His



Proles tua, Maia, Juventus.

Now, Active, heedless, Volatile, and Gay,
Are Youth; the Offspring of the laughing May.



5.

His downy cheeks grow proud, and now disdains
The tutor's hand;
He glories to command
The proud-neck'd steed with prouder reins:
The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear
With the glad downfall of the falling deer.

6.

His quick-nos'd army, with their deep-mouth'd sounds,
Must now prepare
To chase the tim'rous hare,
About his yet unmortgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay;
And fears no mishief but a rainy day.

7.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale* nor bliss;
And late repentance is
The last dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning; and he may,
If lust o'ercast him not, be as fair a day.

8.

Proud blossom, use thy time: Time's headstrong horse
Will post away.
Trust not the foll'wing day,
For ev'ry day brings forth a worse:
Take time at best: believe't, thy days will fall
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

* *Bale*; i. e. misery.

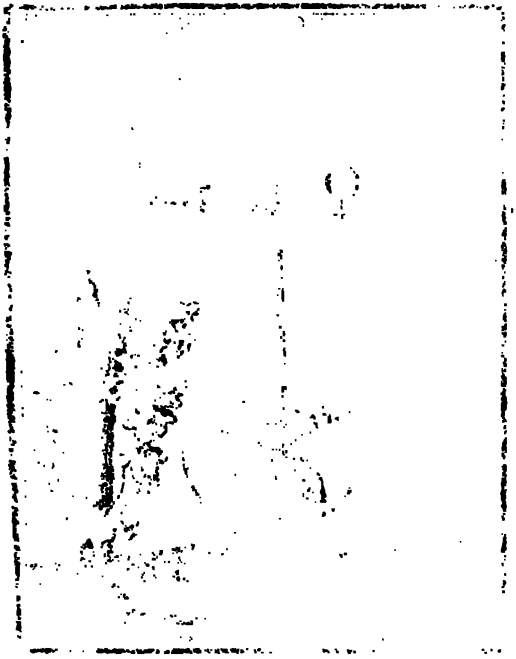
S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when strength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is despised.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly grey, his newly green!
His youth may live to see what thine hath seen:
He is thy parallel: his present stage
And thine are the two tropics of man's age.



Hierog II.

Jam ruit in Venerem.

His Strength increasing, now, He burns to prove
The pleasing Pains, and flatt'ring Sweets of Love.

Ecclesiastes xi. 9.

Rejoice, O young man, and let thy heart chear thee, but know, &c.

1.

HOW flux,* how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping† wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading prologue to another state!
No transitory things can last:
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with haste;
Time present 's but the ruin of Time past.

2.

Behold how change hath inch'd away thy span;
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thine urn!
For this dear waste, what satisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy shortened days, but this the style of man?
And what's a man? A cask of care,
New tunn'd and working: he's a middle stair
Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

3.

His breast is tinder apt to entertain
The sparks of Cupid's fire,
Whose new-blown flames must now inquire
A wanton julep out, which may restrain
The rage of his desire,
Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain:

* *Flux*; i. e. flitting. † *Clipping*; i. e. swift flying.

His life's a sickness, that doth rise
From a hot liver, whilst his passion lies
Expecting cordials from his mistress' eyes.

4.

His stage is strew'd with thorns, and deck'd with flow'n
His year sometimes appears
A minute; and his minutes, years:
His doubtful weather's sunshine mix'd with show'rs;
His trafick, hopes and fears;
His life's a medly, made of sweets and sours;
His pains reward his smiles and pouts;
His diet is fair language mix'd with flouts;
He is nothing, all compos'd of doubts.

5.

Do, waste thine inch, proud span of living earth,
Consume thy golden days
In slavish freedom; let thy ways
Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy stock of time decays,
And lavish plenty still fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at last;
And painful labor may repair a waste,
But pains nor price can call my minutes past.

SEN.

ject great joy when thou shalt lay down the mind hild, and deserve the style of a wise man; for at 'ears childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness ieth; and, what is worse, thou hast the authority of , but the voice of a child.

EPIG. 11.

To the declining man.

tand'st thou discontented? Is not he
ial-distant from the top as thee?
then may cause thy discontented frown?
nounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

DEUTERONOMY xxxiii. 25.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

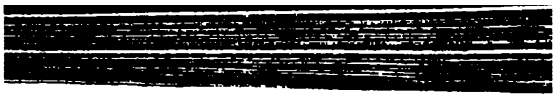
The post
Of swift-foot time
Hath now at length begun
The kalends of our middle stage:
The number'd steps that we have gone, do shut
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossoms of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost:
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to boast.

Ah me!
There is no rest:
Our time is always fleeing,
What rein can curb our headstrong hours?
They post away: they pass we know not how:
Our Now is gone, before we can say now:
Time past and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceas'd
To be;
What is, is only ours: how short a time have we?

And

Ut Sol ardore virili.

Now like the Sun, He glows with manly Fire;
Invokes the Muse, and strikes the Thracian Lyre.



And now
Apollo's ear
Expects harmonious strains,
New minted from the Thracian lyre;
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd hill
Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill
The veins with Pegasean fire:
And now those steril brains,
That cannot show
Nor bear
me fruits, shall never wear Apollo's sacred bow.

Excess
And surfeit uses
To wait upon these days;
Full feed and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a sp'rit
By the base magic of debauch'd delight;
Ah! pity, twice-born Bacchus' vine
Should starve Apollo's bays,
And drown those muses
That bless
d calm the peaceful soul, when storms of care oppress.

Strong light,
Boast not those beams
That can but only rise
And blaze awhile and then away:
There is no solstice in thy day;
Thy midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of night,
lory soil'd* with shame, and fool'd with false delight.

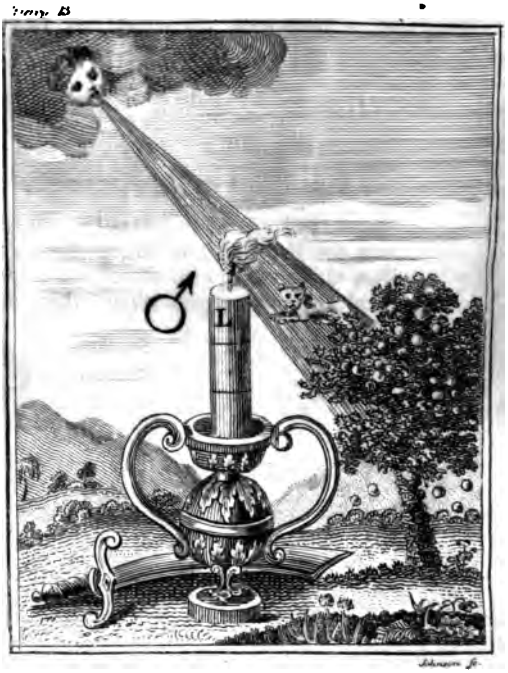
* *Soil'd*; i. e. sullied.

Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy fe
Look backwards, and thou shalt see the frailty
youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the waste
infancy: look forwards, thou shalt see the care
world, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of th

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the lusty noon
Of thy full age, boast not thyself too soon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle state;
Take heed, thou'lt brag too soon, or boast too la



Et Martem spirat et Arma.
And now reviving in the loud Alarms,
He pants for War and sighs for Deeds of Arms.

JOHN iii. 30.

He must increase, but I must decrease.

'IME voids* the table, dinner's done:
And now our day's declining sun
h hurry'd his diurnal load
:h' borders of the western road;
ce Phlegon, with his fellow-steeds,
r puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
froths and fumes, rememb'ring still
ir lashes up th' Olympic hill,
ich having conquer'd, now disdain
whip, and champ the frothy rein,
with a full career they bend
ir paces to their journey's end:
blazing taper now has lost
better half; nature hath crost
forenoon book, and clear'd that score,
scarce gives trust for so much more:
now the gen'rous sap forsakes
seir-grown twig: a breath ev'n shakes
down-ripe fruit; fruit soon divorc'd
n her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd.
r sanguine Venus doth begin
lraw her wanton colours in,
flees neglected in disgrace,
ilst Mars supplies her lukewarm place:
ds turns to choler: what this age
:s in strength, it finds in rage:
t rich enamel, which, of old,
nask'd the downy cheek, and told

* *Voids*; i. e. clears off.

A harm-

A harmless guilt, unask'd, is now
Worn off from the audacious brow;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Loose riot, and those venial evils
Which inconsiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an advocate:
And what appear'd in former times
Whisp'ring as faults, now roar as crimes;
And now all ye, whose lips were wont
To drench their coral in the font
Of fork'd Parnassus; you that be
The sons of Phœbus, and can flee
On wings of fancy, to display
The flag of high invention; stay,
Repose your quills; your veins grow sour,
Tempt not your salt beyond her pow'r;
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Censure will strike at ev'ry line,
And wound your names; the pop'lar ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were:
Thus, hackney-like, we tire our age,
Spur-gall'd with change from stage to stage.

Seeth

Seest thou the daily light of the greater world? when attained to the highest pitch of meridian glory, it stayeth not; but by the same degrees it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? Continuance is the child of eternity, not of time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoice; and let thy rising days
Chear thy glad heart: think'st thou these uphill ways
Lead to death's dungeon? No; but know withal,
A rising's but a prologue to a fall.

JOHN xii. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1.

THE day grows old, the low-pitch'd lamp hath made
No less than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright Titan's hair;
Whose western wardrobe now begins t'unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his ev'ning glory, when th' alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

2.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toiling plowman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the slipp'ry streams:
The droiling* swineherd knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests:
The box-bill ouzel,† and the dappled thrush,
Like hungry rivals, meet at their beloved bush.

3.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb ey'ry green;
And by the low-shorn rowens‡ doth appear
The fast declining year:
The sapless branches doff§ their summer suits,
And wain their winter fruits;
And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy freeze.

* *Droiling*; i. e. drudging.
† *Ouzel*; i. e. blackbird.
‡ *Rowens*; i. e. short latter grass.
§ Doff; i. e. cast off.

Our

Invidiosa Senectus.

Envious Old Age obscures thy feeble Light.
And gives Thee Warning of approaching Night.

4.

Our wasted taper now has brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains;
And, in a silent language, bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

5.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plow
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanch'd the falling hair:
Suspicious envy, mix'd with jealous spite,
Disturbs his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now alas!
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6.

Grey hairs, peruse thy days; and let thy past
Read lectures to thy last:
Those hasty wings, that hurry'd them away,
Will give these days no day:
The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that shook the branch, will quickly strike the tree.

S. CHRYS.

Grey hairs are honourable, when the behaviour is with grey hairs: but when an ancient man hath childish manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

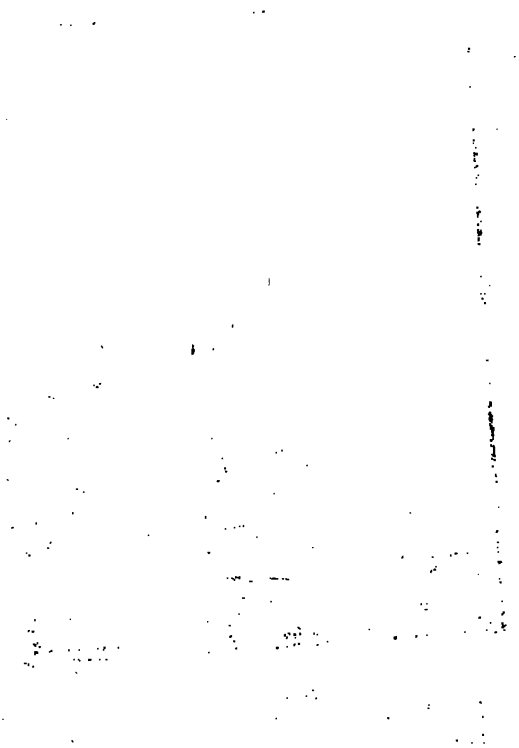
SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeatest thy youthfulness.

EPIG. 14.

To the youth.

Seest thou this good old man? He represents
Thy future, thou his preterperfect tense:
Thou go'st to labours, he prepares to rest:
Thou break'st thy fast, he sups; now which is best?



Plumbeus in Terram.

The Sun now sets; all hopes of Life are fled:
And to the Earth We sink like Weights of Lead.

PSALM XC. 10.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten.

1.

SO have I seen th' illustrious prince of light
Rising in glory from his crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head;
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shrond
His fainting brows within a coal-black cloud.

2.

So have I seen a well-built castle stand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the bleag'rers' will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her trust,
And lays her totf'ring ruins in the dust.

3.

So have I seen the blazing taper shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air;
Whose shadow-gilding ray, spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4.

Ev'n so this little world of living clay,
The pride of nature, glorifi'd by art,
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
Alli'd to heav'n by his diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays;
And, worn by age, death cancels all his days.

*Crocean; saffron-colour.

5.

That glorious sun, that whilom* shone so bright,
Is now ev'n ravish'd from our darken'd eyes :
That sturdy castle, mann'd with so much might,
Lies now a mon'ment of her own disguise :
That blazing taper, that disdain'd the puff
Of troubl'd air, scarce owns the name of snuff.

6.

Poor bedrid man ! where is that glory now,
Thy youth so vaunted ? where that majesty
Which sat enthron'd upon thy manly brow ?
Where, where that braving arm ? that daring eye ?
Those buxom tunes ? those Bacchanalian tones ?
Those swelling veins ? those marrow-flaming bones ?

7.

Thy drooping glory's blurr'd, and prostrate lies,
Grov'ling in dust : and frightful horror, now,
Sharpens the glances of thy gashful eyes ;
Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow :
Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves† thy marrow-wasted bones.

8.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
But a short time : his days are full of sorrow ;
His life's a penance and his death's a pain ;
Springs like a flow'r to-day, and fades to-morrow :
His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span ;
'Tis glorious mis'ry to be born a man !

* *Whilom.* i. e. heretofore. † *Enerves*; i. e. enervates.

CYPR.

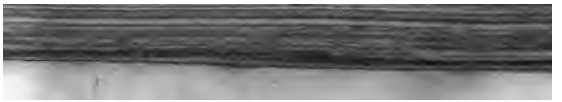
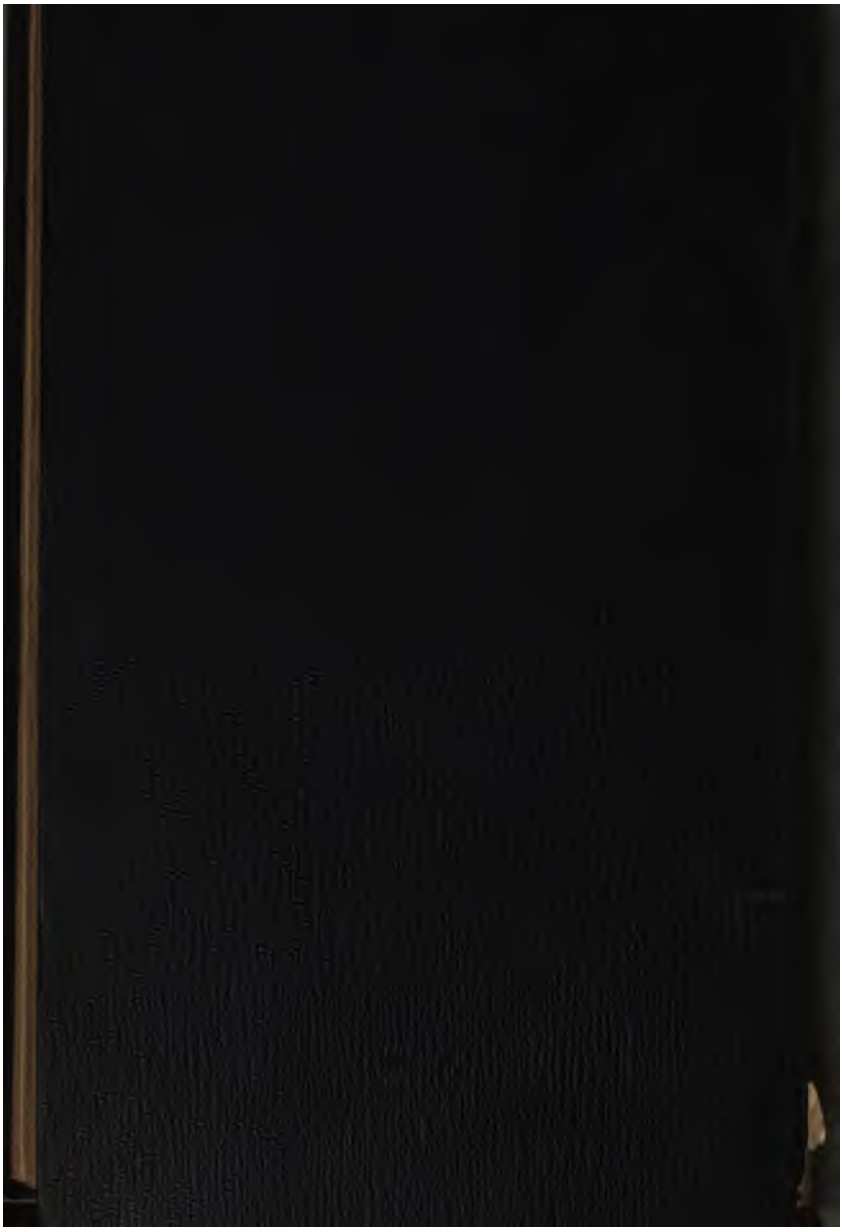
When eyes are dim, ears deaf, visage pale, teeth decayed, skin decayed, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing; the sudden downfal of thy house is near at hand.

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: coveteousness alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'st in tears :
Judgment and strength's alike in both your years ;
He's helpless; so art thou; what diff'rence then ?
He's an old infant ; thou, a young old man.

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